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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent

NOVEMBER.

BY LUCY LAFCOM.

Who said November's face was grim?
I heard her sing in woodpaths dim,
I met her on the shore, so glad,
So smiling, I could kiss her feet!
There never was a month so sweet.

October's splendid robes, that hid
The beauty of the white-limbed trees,
Have dropped in tatters; yet amid
Those perfect forms the gazer sees
A proud wood-monarch here and there
Garments of wine-dipped crimson wear.

In precious flakes the autumnal gold
Is clinging to the forest's fringe:
Yon bare twig to the sun will hold
Each separate leaf, to show the tinge
Of glorious rose-light reddening through
Its jewels, beautiful as few.

Where short-lived wild flowers bloomed and died
The slanting sunbeams fall across
Vine-broideries, woven from side to side
Above mosaics of tinted moss.
So does the Eternal Artist's skill
Hide beauty under beauty still.

And, if no note of bee or bird
Through the rapt stillness of the woods
Or the sea's murmurous trance be heard,
A life within these solitudes
Upon the spirit seems to press
The dew of God's dear silences.

And if, as often, out of Heaven
With soft relenting comes a day
Wherein the heart of June is given—
All unsealed gums and spicery
Through forest crypts and arches steal,
With power unnumbered hearts to heal.

Through yonder rended veil of green,
That shut the distance out from me,
New glimpses of vast blue are seen;
I never knew that so much sea
Bordered my little plot of ground,
And held me clasped so close around.

This is the month of sunrise skies
Intense with molten mist and flame;
Out of the purple seas arise
Colors no painter yet could name;
Gold-lilies and the cardinal-flower
Were dim before this gorgeous hour.

And lovelier, when against the east
The level beam of sunset falls,
The tints of spring-flowers long deceased
Are painted on the horizon-walls—
Shades of the rose and violet
Close to their dear world lingering yet.

What idleness to moan and fret
For any season fair, gone by!
Life's secret is not guessed at yet;
Veil under veil its wonders lie.
Through grief and loss made glorious
The soul of past joy lives in us.

Earth-rooted beauty blinds our eyes
To truth, whose grave immensity,
Whatever lives, whatever dies,
Encircles us eternally.
Let summer friendships disappear!
God's boundless, fathomless heart is near.

More welcome than voluptuous gales
This keen, crisp air, as conscience clear.
November breathes no flattering tales—
The plain truth-teller of the year—
Who wins her heart, and he alone,
Knows she has sweetness all her own.

MRS. JABEZ BAXTER.

A ROMANCE.

BY FRED W. LORING.

I AM shortly going to become an outcast. I have said that some miners were lawless and brutish; how can I live on the Pacific Coast, then? I have ridiculed one or two of what seemed to me little snobberies in my dear native city, Boston; and so what can I do in the States? New York seems unsafe to me, here among the Apaches, where rings do not exist, and I am puzzled a little about where to fly for refuge when I start to leave the Southwest. And yet, bad as matters are, I am about to make them worse by telling

1. *A story about a member of the Nevada legislature.*
2. *A story about a member of the Massachusetts legislature.*

1. There was an orphan asylum in Virginia City, governed by Catholics and superintended by Sisters of Charity. This orphan asylum applied to the legislature for aid, and there was, of course, an animated debate. One member suggested the propriety of "first getting your orphans before you help your asylum." Another replied that from the accounts of the Kewillogat and Pepoieka papers, orphans were likely to abound in Nevada during the next few years. A third, in a "burst of spontaneous eloquence," said, warmly: "God bless the widows and orphans, and them as makes them." Finally it was decided to send the member from Red Oak to investigate, as a special committee, the asylum in question. Sister Agatha, who was in charge, showed him the asylum and its contents, and the Red Oak statesman was deeply impressed. "Well, Miss Agatha," he said, "you are a high-toned woman, and I like your style. I shall make a favorable report. Good-bye. Shake hands, Miss Agatha, won't you?" Thereupon Sister Agatha explained that Sisters, as a rule, did not shake hands. The member from Red Oak was equal to the emergency. He repeated his words of commendation, and then—well, then he slapped "Miss Agatha" heartily on her back, and left her in a state of pleasure at his geniality. It was another member of the Nevada legislature who told me this; so, of course, it must be true.

2. There was a member of the Massachusetts legislature who had occasion to call on the Rev. Father O'Reilly on a matter of business. He knocked at the Father's door. Servant girl appeared. Was the Father in? No, not any. Where had he gone? The servant did not know. Would he be back soon? The servant thought not.

"It's really very annoying," said the member of the Massachusetts legislature; thoughtfully, "for I wanted to see him on very important business. *Isn't Mrs. O'Reilly in?*"

This second story is given to appease any possible or probable Californian who will thirst for my blood because of Mrs. Jabez Baxter. Having insulted Massachusetts, my own state, by asserting in the foregoing story that all the members of her legislature must logically be idiotic, how is it reasonable to suppose that I am not insulting California, and asserting that all her citizens are as great beasts as Mr. Jabez Baxter in the following romance. Let it pass, however. I accept the fact, new to me, that one swallow does make a summer, and proceed to my

ROMANCE

(*Founded upon Fact*).

In the summer of 1871 a weary traveler might have been seen riding through the verdurous lanes of Owen's Valley, California.

The scenery about him was unquestionably high-toned in the extreme. To the right the Sierra Navada, with its snow-capped peaks and purple sides, stretched its slow length along like a needless Alexandrine. To the left willows were seen lining the fertile meadows; and the musical ripple of innumerable mountain streams, engaged in irrigating just as hard as they could was heard.

The traveler could not be called handsome. His complexion was black and tan; his hair, short and spiky, was admirably calculated to defy the attempts of any Indians to secure his scalp; while his beard flowed in irregular but luxuriant masses over his chin and neck. In justice, however, to the rider, it should be remarked that his attire was not calculated to enhance any personal attractions which he might otherwise have been credited with. A blue-scarlet-and-green-flannel shirt, much faded and shrunken, and entirely destitute of buttons, enfolded his thorax, and was itself partially covered by a tattered vest, whose lining floated in shreds behind him in the breeze. The brim of his hat had apparently suffered mastication, while the crown presented a crushed-and-sat-upon aspect. One suspender held up his blue army trowsers, on the cerulean background of whose material stains and black thread could be discerned. Yet this man was a youth of promise, with a rising literary reputation and a liberal education. In his pocket was a pencil and a note-book, and on his brow a shadow, which might have been care or which might have been contrariness.

"Come, get up, Evil Merodach," he cried, addressing his mule in an energetic manner, with forcible language, "for we have a long way to go before we reach camp. Hollo, there's a ranche. Perhaps I can get some milk there." He spurred his mule forward until he reached the gate. A small girl, apparently nine years of age, appeared at the door.

"Have any soldiers gone by here?" he asked.

"Yes," said the child; "and they're in camp about a mile from here."

"Then," said the stranger, dismounting, "I can wait a moment. Is your mother in?"

"No, sir," said the small child. "I don't have her round here, you bet."

"Well, is your father in?" asked the stranger, again.

"No, sir," said the child. "This ranche ain't the old man's, no way. It belongs to Baxter—Jabez Baxter, Esquire."

"Well, is Mr. Baxter in, then?"

"No, he ain't."

"Well, is his wife in, then?"

"Yes, sir. I am her."

"What!" said the stranger.

"I'm Mrs. Baxter," said the little girl.

"Mrs. Baxter," said the stranger, "how old are you?"

"Going on ten," said Mrs. Jabez Baxter.

"And how old—Mrs. Baxter, do you read the newspapers?"

"Once in a while," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Baxter, then, I suppose, does not take one?"

"No, sir," said Mrs. Baxter; "but he borrys one sometimes."

"Well," said the inquisitive stranger, "I am going to interview you. Were you ever interviewed, Mrs. Baxter?"

"No," said Mrs. Baxter. "It don't hurt none, does it?"

"Not as a rule," said the inquisitive person, taking his note-book out.

"Well, say," said Mrs. Baxter, "I ain't going to let you do it for nothing, you know."

"Certainly not," said the inquisitive person. "How much do you want?"

"Well, about four bits would be right," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Give me a glass of milk," said the stranger, "and answer some questions, and you shall have four bits."

"Go ahead," said Mrs. Baxter, concisely.

"Tell me," said the inquisitive person, "how you came to marry Mr. Baxter."

"Well," said Mrs. Baxter, "women is scarce round here, and Baxter wanted some help, and he won't have no Chinese around bossing things when he's away. Me and him's both down on them fellows. So Baxter and dad, who was old partners, determined that I'd better marry him, as I was the oldest. I've got a sister living; she's only seven. She wanted to get married, too; but marm said she warn't going to have it, no way. No child of her'n should be married before she was eight years old."

"Your mother must be a nice woman," said the inquisitive stranger, writing. "I should like to know your mother."

"Oh I she'd just as lieves," said Mrs. Baxter. "She ain't a bit particular, she ain't."

"And—it's a delicate question—but are you in love with Mr. Baxter?" asked the rising journalist.

"I guess so," said Mrs. Baxter. "He treats me pretty well, and lets me go for them Chinese that he employs; and that's bully good fun, I tell you. But I reckon I'll get divorced before long. I know a girl, she ain't only three years older'n me, and she's married to her second husband already."

"You're a rule, then, and not an exception," said the inquisitive person.

"Hey?" said Mrs. Baxter.

"Are there many other girls of your age around here who are married?"

"Three or four," said Mrs. Baxter. "You ask a heap of questions, don't you?"

"I do, Mrs. Baxter," said the stranger, "and it is thus that I acquire a princely income and a world-wide reputation. Here are your four bits. Poor little girl. Tell Mr. Baxter that I will send him a newspaper before long. Do I keep to the right or the left?"

"To the right, stranger," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Come, Evil Merodach, let's go to camp," said the stranger, and, mounting his mule, he buoyantly rode away.

* * * * * * *

This is all of the great American romance that I am going to give to the readers of this paper at present. In three or four years I will have the second installment ready. The scene will be laid at Hull, Massachusetts, and the villain will be a hotel-keeper there, who charges a transient guest fifty cents for using a towel. After that I suppose I never can visit Hull again. But no matter for that. It is my intention to expose in a trenchant and vigorous manner some of the abuses of American society, even if I forfeit the delights of Hull forever.

In three or four years the original of Mrs. Jabez Baxter will be even more developed, physically and mentally, than now, thanks to the climate of California. It cannot be that the romance of her life has ended with her marriage. On the contrary, I fear it has just begun. Poor little girl, it seems cruel that any climate should be so developing as that in California, if such outrages as your story are to follow. In three or four years when the second chapter is ready, either special legislation will prevent the recurrence of such exceptional cases as yours, or else you will be qualified to fill some position of public trust and honor under the coming administration of that eminent stateswoman, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. And then, too, it is to be hoped that the "rising young journalist" who interviewed you will have outgrown his present yeasty state, and be better able to do your story full justice.

SLEEP ENOUGH.

BY CHARLES D. WARNER.

Doctors of medicine are either growing complacent or sensible. A great many of them have concluded that it is better to become allies of Nature than to fight her and repel all her kindly aid. Perhaps the physicians were always wise (they always looked wise), and only yielded to popular prejudice in their Sangrado practice and their rigorous counsel. We have all been taught there is merit in wasting as few hours as possible in sleep, and that early rising is one of the cardinal virtues—admitting for the Protestant moment that cardinals have virtues. We have all been educated to believe that the time given to the bed is lost, and that we gain all the hours we steal from it. Children have been taught that prompt rising in the morning is a beautiful thing.

I am not sorry, therefore, that one of the medical faculty, Dr. Hall, has had the good sense to tell the world that children until the age of eighteen, and old and feeble people (and he might as well have said everybody), need ten hours' sleep, and that bouncing suddenly out of bed in the morning is as hurtful as it is disagreeable; that fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, stretching the limbs, and letting the blood slowly resume its wonted circulation, is time well spent. For the sudden sending of the blood to the heart is a severe shock, and the person who gets up in this hasty and reckless manner is certain to be drowsy by midday, unless he or she is an editor or a belle, and does not get up till afternoon. I concur in this—in fact, I always knew that it was true; and think, further, that pulling anybody out of bed ought to be a statesprison offense, and doubt not that conviction for it could be had before any of our ordinary sleepy juries—if they were awake enough to hear the evidence.

Many people seem to think it is unbecoming to sleep much anywhere, except in church and at evening lectures. They speak of it as a merit that they do with so few hours' sleep at home. This is one reason why there are so many stupid people in society—admitting for the argument that there are so many; they got up too soon or too suddenly, and so are never fairly awake all through. What seems to be stupidity is really want of sleep. A good many of the sermons, and now and then an editorial, are written in this state of mind; and even fashionable people go gaping around, making yawning calls upon acquaintances who ought to be in bed and who wish the callers were.

The world is all astray about this matter of sleep, led away by nursery couplets about early to rise, and the examples of Napoleon, Peter the Great, and other military heroes, who are reported to have been satisfied with an hour or two of sleep snatched from the twenty-four, taken on a plank, while their half-dozen scribbling secretaries were not allowed to sleep at all. We all know what became of Napoleon. Even Mr. Abbott cannot make it appear that he had much more than a respect for the Ruler of the universe. These sleepless people have made most of the mischief in the world. Catherine de Medicis was, we believe, a light sleeper. George Washington, on the contrary, took his time, waked up the Father of his Country by degrees, got out of bed with deliberation, and dressed himself with thoughtful slowness. What a ridiculous idea it would be to think of that great man as bouncing out of bed at the first bell, and dressing himself as if there was a fire next door.

The instinct of children against early and especially sudden rising is well founded; and it is pleasant to have the learned faculty confirm a long and growing conviction that it is not a sin to lie in bed till the second bell rings. It is the experience of the majority of people that the most delicious moments of the whole day are those when they ought to get up, and do not.

Hereafter let them linger in this delightful borderland with a quiet conscience. Nature is about to be vindicated by the scientists. If the whole of life could be like that brief interval between half awaking and getting out into the cold world—that rare space of time when duty calls so faintly that there is a sweet delight in letting it call before conscience is aroused at all—one might like to revise the hymn-book, and live alway. We have been now for several thousand years going to the ant and getting away from the sluggard to that degree that we have developed a very nervous condition. To say nothing of being defrauded of our rights, and of the legitimate and healthy luxury of sleeping long and waking up slowly, as plants do, no doubt many of the nervous diseases that are attributed to stock gambling, tobacco, and unrequited love are due to want of sufficient sleep, from childhood up.

It is not an idle fancy that we moderns do not sleep enough. It is perhaps right to shoot soldiers, who are hired for that purpose, for sleeping at their posts. It disciplines them; but it might be better to relieve guard oftener and send them to bed. Yet civilians generally ought to be lectured for sleeping too little. All the passages in school-books about early rising should be stricken out, and there should be verses promising a moderate competence as the reward of sleeping enough and coming out of sleep by degrees. In old times perhaps it did not matter so much, when the world was less busy, and there was less strain upon the faculties during the waking hours. But every one can see now that the world is red hot with money-getting and vast enterprises and politics and ritualism, and all sorts of rights, patent and some that are not so patent, and a feverish literature; and, in order to bear the wear and carry the load of it, a man needs to sleep more hours than he did when he only rose to eat and drink, and hunt the wild boar, and slay a few of his neighbors before an early dinner. But we do not sleep as much as the former generations did, who had less to do. We are becoming more and more wakeful, so that we cannot sleep soundly in the season we give to rest. It is a nervous wakefulness, however, and not the full vigor of all the powers which should result from proper rest of the system. No one can be at his best in any hour unless he has given as many hours to solid sleep as his system requires. The demands of business and the exactions of society keep most of us out of bed unmercifully, and in time we get jadedly used to the unnatural life, and take credit to ourselves that we can do with the fewest hours of sleep. It is a great mistake. There have been great men who were able to accomplish a great amount of work with little sleep; but we may be sure that, if we want to be great men, or, what is more important in this day, great women, we shall reach the goal soonest by being good sleepers. That was an honorable epitaph on the Dutchman's tombstone: "He was a gut sleeper." It will not be said of many of this nervous, excited generation.

It is well, however, to plead for the children. Let it be understood that it is no merit in a child to pop out of bed instantly upon the stroke of the bell, like a surprised and obfuscated jack-in-the-box. And give everybody time to wake up decently and in order. And let all the people say blessed is the medical man who preaches the gospel of morning "catnaps."

MEEKNESS.

BY REV. HENRY MARTYN SCUDDER, D.D.

THERE was one text that sorely puzzled me when I was a boy. It was this: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." I could not see that meek folks got any more land than others; and as for their acquiring the whole earth, that seemed out of the question. I thought it rather a mean thing to be meek. I knew at that time a minister who wore a high white cravat, and moved very stiffly; and, imagining that he must be meek, I concluded that I could never wish to resemble him. And in this conclusion I still abide.

What is meekness? It is not the repudiation of self-defense. Everything that is made has a right to exist, or God would not have made it; and, if any other creature trespasses on this its birth-charter, it is justified in defending itself. Even inorganic objects possess a capacity of resistance. Clench your fist and strike yonder stone-wall a blow. Will it give in? Nay, rather will it skin your knuckles. That is its mode of defense. Plants are gifted with a varied weaponry. Some bristle with thorns and spines; some are clothed with sharp hairs, that both prick and poison; others exude disagreeable odors; and others possess in their leaves or bark the quality of acridity, sourness, or some other distastefulness, which serves to protect them. To animals are granted still more diversified instruments. If you are silly enough to seize a polecat, you suddenly become wise enough to avoid his race ever afterward. The cuttle-fish can make the sea like ink about itself, and escape in the confusion in which it has involved its pursuer. The electric eel discharges its battery into its foe, and knocks it clean over. Multitudes of animals defend themselves by jaw, horn, hoof, beak, and talon. Some creatures sting with their tails, as scorpions; and others pierce with their fangs, as serpents. It would be strange, then, if man, who is lord of soil and plant and animal, were left without means of defense, or forbidden to use them appropriately.

Neither is meekness a mental incapacity to discern insults and injuries. A man who cannot do that is not meek, but stupid.

Nor is meekness a natural infirmity which is incapable of being provoked. There are people of such a temper—or, rather, non-temper. It is no credit to them. That is the way they are made. They are stagnant. You cannot ripple them. They are passive. You cannot ruffle them. They are like putty. Indent them, and they stay indented. We may call such people soft; but it would be a misnomer to call them meek. In fact, unless they can be stirred up, they are incapable of meekness, for the more natural fierceness a man has the more capable he is of meekness, and he upon whom anybody that comes along may make his scratch is anything but a meek person.

Neither are they meek who are restrained from exhibiting resentment by fear or self-interest. They are cowards.

All these are negative qualities. And it is impossible that meekness should belong to this tribe; for it must be immensely positive and tremendously energetic, since it is to subjugate the earth and inherit it.

The first element in meekness is docility—a willingness to learn, a readiness to go through the drudgery and labor connected with learning, a disposition to suppress the impatience which prevents us from learning. The indocile man must ever be ignorant. And ignorance cannot be the road to meekness; for meekness is to inherit the earth, whereas ignorance does not even know what the earth is, nor what the difficulties of the heritage are, nor what are the means of overcoming those difficulties. No man can be meek without first being teachable. His mind, heart, and will must be open to learn from Nature and Scripture, and from any man, woman, child or thing that has aught which is valuable to impart.

The second element is self-restraint, both toward God and toward man. The tendency of trouble is to irritate, to render the soul peevish, angry, morose, rebellious. But the meek soul has learned in the school of Christ. It accepts the truth that "*all* things work together for good to them that love God"; and, therefore, disciplines itself to patience under trial. It lifts its face to Heaven, and says: "Thy will be done, O my Father-God. Thou doest nothing carelessly. It is well. Help me to endure uncomplainingly to the end." It thus restrains itself toward God. Still more marked is the reference to our fellow-creatures. If a man wrong me, I am angry. I have a right to be so. It is a native, original right. Rudely touch even a sensitive plant, and it shows displeasure. It shuts itself up. The beauty of its leaf-expansion is gone. It assumes a forbidding expression. It is now a bundle of twigs, and says as plainly as it can: "Instead of fanning you with my leaves, I would like to scourge you with these bare branches." Again I have the right to a just redress for the wrong done me. So it appears that righteous wrath and equitable recompense are my right, if kept within their proper limits and not suffered to overflow. We all know how easily those limits are passed; but let us suppose the case of a strictly virtuous displeasure and a just redress. This, I have said, is right. But there is something nobler than right. That is love. If, now, animated by love, I waive the right, suppress the anger, forego the redress, and exhibit a sweet and winning forbearance, so that I impress my antagonist with the beauty of my conduct; if I hold back where I have the right to advance, put on the brake where I might use the whip; if I treat him as God treats me, who has so much reason to be angry with me and punish me; if I bear and forbear in a grand and manly way, overpowering myself and my rights, in order that I may win my foe to friendship and bless him; then do I display meekness, the same meekness that Jesus, my Lord, so often and so gloriously displayed.

Meekness educates man up to a godlike standard. It stores up strength in the soul—a strength that shall prove available in the emergencies of life; for meekness, as I have already shown, is not negative, it is not weakness. They who give way are the weak. They who restrain themselves are the strong. Meekness treasures up a reserve force; and the men who possess such a force are the ones that impress their fellow-men. He who strikes twelve o'clock the first time has nothing more to exhibit. He can never strike thirteen. He has struck all that he can in his first performance; and nobody wishes to hear him begin and strike one, two, and up to twelve, for we have already had all those in the first noise that he made. When we see a man make an expenditure of effort, whether it be mighty speech or mighty deed, and feel assured that there is abundant power yet in reserve, we either rejoice in or dread his influence. The meek men are the men of might. They can carry heavy burdens. They have trained themselves for it. They are men of spiritual sinew. Their vertebral column is like iron. Their nerves are in good order. In gentleness they instruct others. They bear with their fickleness and waywardness, and try to lead them aright. They have broad shoulders and strong backs, or they could not carry this load of other men's ignorance, infirmity, and sin; and it is meekness that squares their shoulders, toughens their tendons, and develops their muscles.

The meek men are, if the exigency arises, the most terrible of the earth. There are bounds to the exercise of meekness. Paul indicates this when he says: "What will ye? Shall I come unto you with a rod, or in love?" When the meek man does take the rod, he lays it on until the work is thoroughly done. In our war, before the flame broke out, the North was concessive, forbearing, meek; and this was one of the secrets of its strength. When the limit of forbearance was past, then the fire flashed out, and it burned till there was nothing more left to burn. The virtuous citizens of this Republic have meekly borne a great deal from bad rulers; but now this very meekness has risen like a river, and, swelling over its own banks, it will make a terrible sweep of these men, and the inundation, while destructive of evil, will be like a freshet of the Nile—the herald and the author of harvests. The meek man does not weaken himself by a dissipation of energy. He has force in store. He is the one to be dreaded. The slopes of the volcanic mountain are fertile; the vineyard, the orchard, the garden, the meadow, and the grain-field are all there; but that volcano, when God gives the command, can send up a spout of fire ten thousand feet high.

But how are the meek men going to inherit the earth? I answer: They are the men who have conquered themselves, and who, in that achievement, have consolidated and rendered effective their own strength, and are, therefore, the fittest agents for this work. The earth, thus far, is inherited but a little. Only a portion of the ground is cultivated; and the forces that are acting in soil, water, and air are only partially known and utilized. Man is to rule Nature, and inherit it. Meekness is the highway to this sovereignty. If my definition of meekness is correct, it it consists in docility and self-restraint, then this conclusion becomes evident that the meek alone can become the inheritors of Nature. Oh! how docile, how simple, how humble a man must become in order to understand Nature; and how resolutely he must restrain all impatience, and chasten himself to be calmly diligent and impartially zealous, if he would be a master in the realm. Barbarians are gamblers. They win a territory to-day, and lose it to-morrow. They are destroyers. They abhor restraint and love revenge. They eat each other up. They cannot advance truth. They do not originate ideas. They do not patiently build up science. Christianity teaches man a different lesson. It makes him docile. It causes him to rule himself, and thus qualifies him to subjugate and inherit the earth. Christianity is the mother of modern science. The sciences which are advancing so fast in the paths hitherto hidden are her daughters. If they sometimes speak saucily of their mother, they only so far discredit themselves and must repent. Their birthplace is Mount Zion. The meek are the men of progress. If any ever inherit the earth, it must be they.

Meekness is not only thus the condition of true knowledge; but in its deeds it aims at universal peace and prosperity. The meek do set themselves to cultivate humanity. When they get their way, there will be no more wars, no more countries depopulated, and the other burdens that now oppress mankind will be removed, and the human race will so increase that all the lands and the islands will be inherited and filled.

While meekness shall, in the day of its triumph, secure this inauguration of universal peace, and consequent increase of population, it shall likewise provide the needed prosperity of a commensurate cultivation of Nature. It will reclaim the waste lands of the earth. It will turn deserts of heated sand into gardens. It will change Saharas to Edens. Meekness, when it becomes predominant, will not only multiply the race, but also multiply the means of making the race prosperous and happy. Thus is it given of God unto meek men that they shall inherit the earth.

CASTE IN SEX.

I

The Independent.

BEREAVED.

BY MARY SPRING WALKER.

Behind the village on the hill
The gloomy pine trees wave,
And throw their shadows, dark and chill,
Above my baby's grave.

Ah me!

My heart is in that grave.

Down in that narrow coffin-bed,
Oh, cruel place of rest!
To lay the little golden head
Long pillowed on my breast.

No more

To slumber on my breast.

All night I watched my stricken flower,
While, through the window bars
In solemn vigil, hour by hour,
Looked down the pitying stars

From Heaven—

The holy, pitying stars.

But when the night-wind hushed its moan,
And darkness left the sky,
They hid their faces, one by one,
Nor stayed to see her die.

Alone

I watched my darling die.

The morning sun shone warm and bright
Upon her cradle-bed;
But I, rebellious, cursed the light
That shone upon the dead.

My child!

Silent and cold and dead.

Thou who a mourner's grief didst know,
And in death's agony
Pitied and soothed a mother's woe,
Oh, intercede for me!

My Lord!

Pity and pardon me.

ON A CERTAIN CHANGE IN MANNER.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

"To be all things to all men" is a trait amply discussed and widely attributed; but to be, under different circumstances, more than one thing to one and the same person, although perhaps an equally common, is not, from its peculiar nature, an equally notorious accomplishment. Yet the fact that the causes leading to its practice are more obscure and less accountable than in the case of the analogous characteristic renders it a subject of more interesting inquiry and subtle development. Doubtless we have all experienced, perhaps suffered, from its effects; but our self-esteem will have urged us to forget them as soon as possible, and our self-respect to guard as vigilantly as may be against being again subjected to them. Feeling that we are single-handed—have no co-sufferers, save in a general sense, and consequently no conspirators—we are silent, and conceal our wound from our own and other eyes.

Probably our first experience in this change in manner will date back as far as childhood. We remember how, one afternoon, some fine strange people called on us from out of town. Scared and excited, we quite forewent the ordinary free assurance of our manner. After much skulking, dodging, and peeping in entries and through doorways, we at last plucked up a desperate courage, and, bursting from our concealment, we rushed headlong across the hall; but inevitable space which separated us from the maternal lap, and buried our face therein, heedless of the smoothly immaculate company gown. "Safe at last!" we chuckle, in breathless self-gratulation. But, oh! dear, what means this? Surely it cannot be our own dear mother's well-known, indulgent voice that addresses us in that formal, chilling tone? In dismay we glance up at the gentle countenance with which we are so lovingly familiar, unwilling to trust the unprecedented testimony of our ears. Alas! our despairing eyes but confirm the awful truth. At that moment we learn a lesson never to be quite forgotten. We have two mothers: one the "mamma" or mother proper; the other an inexplicable, elegant, faultlessly attired nondescript, whom we dub "company mother" in our gloomy thought. We smile, perhaps, as we recall the incident to-day; for the emotions of childhood appear ludicrous in the light of sterner experiences. Yet are they more keen, because acting on a softer heart, and more potent, because of the pliancy of the nature. It may not turn out so light a matter as much that comes after and looks darker.

Each luster brings its new specimen to be added to our rapidly enlarging collection. Behold this pleasant, smiling, companionable gentleman, with genial voice and sympathetic manner, so fond of children, so full of fun. He sits in the shady porch, chatting amicably with papa and mamma, but ever and anon will jump up to run a race or engage in mock combat with the dear children. When, at last, he leaves us, we follow him regretfully to the gate, unwilling to be parted. But never mind! We're going to his school to-morrow. Isn't it splendid! How much more fortunate we than the vast majority of school children. On the ensuing morn we enter the cozy school-room with beaming face, and prepare with glad confidence to clasp the friendly hand of the genial gentleman of the day before. Yet, ere that hand is touched we pause! Can this be he? Where, then, are all the wiles which won our childish heart? Whence this stern, precise voice, this gloomy, awful brow, this immitigable mouth? Why this harsh command, prefaced by no word of recognition or smile of greeting: "Take your seat, Simpson!" As we shrink away, it sinks into our soul that the school-teacher likewise is biform—the master and the man. But to our wounded feeling the man is ever after overshadowed by the master. No future lapse of years, nor subsequent relations, can ever wipe the recollection of that disenchanting hour away.

Thenceforward, for a while, examples are frequent, but not of much effect; for the tender sensibilities of childhood have given way to the more callous nature of the youth, and has not yet been recreated into the romantic soft-heartedness of the young man. Let us pass, then, to college days—the first vacation, spent amidst sea-beaten rocks, aboard seductive yachts, along immeasurable piazzas. A maiden is at our side—within our heart. With her we tempt the seas, surmount the belfry, explore the cliffs, and tread the far-extending balcony. Children of Nature are we both, careless of rule and etiquette, happier in flannel shirt and old straw hat and sun-browned cheeks and hands than in the grandest parlor or most resplendent wardrobe. With eyes resting on the free verge of the horizon, we converse of a life as untrammeled as the sea, as fresh, as wholesome. Such a life shall ours henceforth become. But, even as we speak, the wind sighs to the waves, who whisper sadly back, as though their vast experience foresaw a different sequel. And who, when sea and rocks and flannel shirts have vanished, and the stiff call has been endured in the darkened drawing-room—that meeting to which we had looked forward with hearts aflame—and the welcome door has closed upon our new acquaintance, the strange young lady of constrained laugh and modern conversation—who then will dare deny that the sad seawaves were right? There is only a certain change of manner, after all; but the true lovers must be true indeed who can withstand the test.

As life shoulders past us, we shall many times experience a change of manner. We compare the husband at his fireside with the merchant at his desk; the general on the battle-field with the courteous hero of the drawing-room; the skipper afloat with the simple, good-natured sailor on shore. But, because nothing more than the requirements of business and discipline are here involved, they impress us, if at all, rather with a mild sense of humor than anything deeper. We expect it. It is founded on reason, and, therefore, touches no tender spot. It is only when we meet it unexpectedly—when it comes in those whom we have most trusted, and of whose stability we were most sure—that a certain change of manner leaves its mark. There is nothing in life so disappointing, so mortifying, so desperate but that this chilling change can render heavier the burden to be borne.

Perhaps a man has struck his hand in ours, and we have jogged along our road side by side, in business, friendship, or something we call a mingling of the two. Long companionship, the constant association of mind on mind, and impacts of will on will, have bred an intimacy and thoroughness of mutual knowledge which we grow in time to regard as one of the bulwarks of our daily existence. The well-known face, the familiar voice and tone, the idiosyncrasies of habit and expression—all have become a part of our lives, and we dare not speculate on the possibility of being deprived of them. In a world of shifts and instability, this anchor has at any rate been trustworthy—plain, perhaps, rough in texture, and rude in form; but cast of sterling metal, massive, and unchangeable. We have heaped our vessel with our whole possessions, hopes, and trusts; and, be the tide never so swift, the bottom never so soft, have freely given her to the anchor's care. Perhaps, then, the hold has slipped, and our vessel has swept away with the current, and never again returned. But, ruinous as may have been the loss, it was not so bitter as the discovery that the anchor—in case we should ever met with it again—had foregone its familiar outline and characteristics, and now bore rather the appearance of a rake. Possibly we might have forgiven the treachery—which, doubtless, may have been unpremeditated—could we have found any one we knew to forgive. But the transformation effected by the change of manner was too great to allow of recognition.

We might recur to such political experiences in this line as we may have had; but these would hardly lie within our bounds. We would speak only of such victims as are involuntary and unsuspecting; and the politician who sees what he must expect labeled, classified, and reduced to a science courts, with malice aforethought, the catastrophe. What, then, is our last and crowning example? When parents, teachers, lovers, friends have shifted and eluded us, whence are we to expect the final attack of this fiend, yclept the Certain Change in Manner? Hardened and indifferent as we have grown to be, what effective mode of agonizing us can he now conceive? Ah! he has kept his strongest card for the last trick. The perception of our discomfiture is read, as before, in the faces of those who have been nearest to us; but it will be in vain to strive to escape our enemy now. Hateful has he ever been when arrayed against us; but oh! how loathsome when we discover he has made his congenial abode within our own breast! Yes, we ourself, when occasion serves, will hereafter become subject to a certain change in manner; day by day, and with an ever-lessening reluctance, shall we stab *our* victims, until, in the end, we long for and gloat in the opportunity. Thenceforward we have little to fear and less to hope.

But stay! There is a further future yet, which ultimately will force itself upon our attention. How will our change in manner serve us there? Shall we discover, then, though somewhat too late, that there is but one of us, after all, in spite of our disguise, and not much of a one at that? Well will it be, in that day, if we have been nothing else than victims. There is a singleness and transparency in those we shall meet with there that would else be very embarrassing.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH AT GREENWICH.

BY W. J. STILLMAN.

The effect of Mr. Gladstone's speech on public opinion can hardly yet be estimated; but, so far as I can judge of it, it will have no further influence than to prolong a little the glamour of his intellectual power and hide from the public the real questions at issue, and the fact that he has not touched on them, except to show how lightly he can touch and not move them. Nobody ever doubted Mr. Gladstone's power as an orator; that he has proved it anew is nothing to the question. What doubting and anxious people, not given up to the idolatry of party, wanted to know was, how Mr. Gladstone regards the impending crisis in English affairs, and how he will meet it. He only shows that he does not apprehend any, and has, therefore, no plan to meet it. He fences with wonderful dexterity on the accusations against his ministry, and, quoting several slight charges, disproves them, leaving it to be inferred that all other charges were of the same character. Nothing can surpass Mr. Gladstone's power of making the best of any given case, and his tact and adroitness in suiting his defense to the nature of the attack has done him good service before now; but, when a man carries on in this way so long, it leaves the impression on impartial observers that he is more anxious to defend himself from reproach than to be irreproachable, and that, having no very definite general policy, he will make his campaign out of details—a series of skirmishes, without any object except that of doing more damage than he suffers. The papers, of course, have very different judgments of the speech and its probable results. The Liberal journals generally have approved, but in such terms that it seems to me more like aiding the premier to make the best of his bad case than from a conviction that he has really vindicated his administration from the charges made against it. The *Echo*, a Liberal independent paper, which enjoys great respect, if not great prestige, and deserves both, says of him what seems to me to sum up what may honestly be said in praise, and at the same time discusses two of the great causes of Mr. Gladstone's strength—the fear of a something much more disastrous in the advent to power of a party which with even less power has infinitely less good will to progress, and faith in his honesty as a man and his sincerity as a reformer.

"He is hated for that quality which, above all others, attaches him to the best portion of the community—that Puritanism which has been the type and we trust will ever continue to be the "note" of English reformers. It is with a true instinct of its dreadful strength that those of the high-placed and wealthy whose political actions are guided by selfishness so dislike this quality, which is innate in the best minds? The people of Vanity Fair dislike Mr. Gladstone because he rarely jokes, and at making fun Mr. Gladstone certainly does not excel. It is the sense of self-respect, expressed outwardly by an intense reverence, which is the strongest feature of Mr. Gladstone's character. Our monarchy will never be in danger until 'the English Republicans' are joined by the men who have this quality. And, by the way, we ask of those, who so often criticise with small apparent friendliness the action or inaction of the government, thus praise its chief? The answer is very simple. We firmly believe that Mr. Gladstone is animated by an earnest desire to promote the welfare of the people; we know how often he hesitates when he is checked by the enormous obstructions which cling around a government with such a history as ours."

Mr. Gladstone is largely hated, and most so by the class which all liberals have the most reason to dislike—the retrograde conservatives, if such an apparent contradiction can be permitted; the latter member of the title being only a party name, without definite significance—the real tendency of the section being to get rid of all liberalism, at any price. And, if his government is to resist the stronger attacks which will be made on it, it will be more from the fear of something worse, and the fact that conservatism is beaten by human progress, and left as a party temporarily without a great and judicious chief (for Mr. Disraeli is only another dexterous fencer, and without any of the noble and generous idealism which makes Mr. Gladstone honored deservedly, and without the confidence of any party, as a constitutional recreant to the principles of that liberalism which alone have made him possible), than from a real power of command in him, or the triumphant justification of his governing, which has been claimed for him by his adherents in the press.

The *Daily News*, in the concluding paragraph of its leader on his speech, unveils one cause of Mr. Gladstone's weakness as a head of the government. It remains to see if the sentence, which is uttered in encouragement, is not really one which ought to convey despair of his ever becoming more than a partisan leader, with an Utopian imagination and an unquestionable if short-sighted patriotism; or, rather, a patriotism too dreamy and philanthropic to be the motive of government organization:

"Mr. Gladstone's popular sympathies are strong; and, if it still remains true that he needs conversion to every great liberal measure as it comes to legislative fruition, we may, at least, be sure that his open mind, his clear, logical intellect, his sensitive conscience, and his generous nature will always guarantee his not late adhesion to it."

A dictum which confirms the opinion expressed above, that his liberalism has no general policy; but is a series of encounters with the present order of things, in each of which he finds this theoretical liberalism called for the first time to take a practical shape, and hesitates to decide what shall be his course. This want of comprehensiveness in his plans runs through everything; and is not only the source of danger to his own position, but to the stability of the empire.

The fact becomes, indeed, more and more apparent that both in what concerns the foreign and domestic policy of England Gladstone is endangering the present status by inability to see how present action is to tell on future policy and power. With regard to the great ultimations which offer in both branches of policy he seems alike blind to the drift of events. England is either to remain an empire or she is not. If an empire, the management of Mr. Gladstone has irretrievably weakened her power to hold her dominions, her prestage, and her warlike disposition. If England is to maintain India profitably, she should not have allowed the Levant to slip from her hands, as it has; or have lost that influence in Europe which made her menace dreadful, and made the execution of it needless. If England is to resign empire, Mr. Gladstone should show some consciousness of the necessity of taking in sail in time, and so preventing the ruin which a collapse in all the interests vested in India would cause. If he does not see that England has so lost prestige as to make her position far more difficult and exposed to far greater danger than before the Franco-Prussian War, he is no statesman; for this everybody out of England, and many people in it, know perfectly. If he does know it (which seems unlikely, being an honest man), it would be criminal to stand up and assure the country that it has lost nothing, stands in no danger, and is a more prosperous England than the England of his predecessors.

If, again, England is to maintain an aristocratic government, Gladstone is putting fire into the straw by his concession to and courting of the masses. He may believe that the masses of England are fit to exercise political power in a nation constituted as the English is, where interests are so involved and privileges so complicated; but, if he does, he shows that he is a sentimental statesman, of that refinement of speculation that he can hardly be considered safe on practical conclusions. His faith in popular government can hardly have found much food in the experience of other countries; and only proves that he is one of those who shape his conclusions by his sympathies, and see what they wish to see. He might have learned some practical lessons from the condition of things in America, where, with a people far better educated in every way, and especially politically, we have had to meet perils which nothing but a popular unity, and a feeling that the government *was* the people, and nothing else, added to a reverence for a firm and conservative constitution, could have carried us through. Popular power, recognized as such, would soon render brief account of the old battle of the English constitution, so-called; which is, after all, only the will of the Parliament—*i.e.*, of the House of Commons. And then there is nothing to fall back on—not the throne; for the Queen's successor will make quick work of the reverence for that; not the House of Lords, for Mr. Gladstone himself has set the example of contempt for that, and he will find that a democracy is a machine which is easier set going than stopped.

But, if Mr. Gladstone is determined to eliminate the aristocratic element, as such, from the government—and that he thinks of it he admits when he says that he will think three times before doing it—he may be logical to his theory of government; but he must know that, without the check which it now imposes, stability in England cannot be insured, and that once the people begin to feel their power over the old institutions and abuses there will be sharp work, much wrong, and more harsh and destructive righting of older wrongs, before a new order of things can be established. And such an ordeal for one's country a far-sighted man can hardly look forward to with enthusiasm.

To us republicans there will be a grim satisfaction in seeing monarchy put on its trial; and we may be pardoned if we retaliate the chuckle with which Englishmen saw our war for slavery break out. Abstractly, our sympathies will all be with the masses, so many centuries sacrificed to class privileges and vested rights in universal wrongs; but revolutionary remedies are destructive ones, and I cannot but feel that a wiser man than Gladstone, wishing to redeem England, would have thought much more of popular education for years to come than of extension of popular power. We may be glad to see our faith in the Republic confirmed by a republic in England, and all the royal and noble privileges dragged to the block to-morrow (the confusion and misery would be the penalty not of the new right, but the old wrong, and England would come out of her blood both purified and ennobled, at immense sacrifices); but what can we say of the wisdom of a statesman who tempts such a fate!

I am willing to believe that Mr. Gladstone has such faith in the popular future that he prefers running that Scylla to being drifted back into the conservative Charybdis; and, in that case, he ought to be a mighty helmsman. This his Greenwich speech—with its eloquence, its enthusiasm, and its logic, but with its evasions and special pleadings, and above all its obstinate refusal to admit mistakes which no man with eyes could fail to see—fails to convince me of; but, on the contrary, confirms me in the impression of years, that he is a man of makeshifts, of momentary excuses, of readier hazard than remedy, and who when the supreme moment of crisis comes—if it does come to him—will find his hand weak and his influence over his machine negative will find his courage and resource fail him.

Mr. Gladstone in agitation and opposition would be a beneficent power, for his genuine enthusiasm, his energy, and generous fire for human rights, would but do good; but as a leader of a state I should rather follow Cavour than Mazzini, Derby than Gladstone. How far that most dangerous element of republican institutions, blind deference to party ties, will have obtained in England, and may induce the Liberal party to play the game of follow my leader, it is impossible to say before Parliament meets; but, if far enough to maintain Gladstone in all he would do, the state of English politics will be more interesting to outsiders than it has been for a long time.

London, Eng., Oct. 31st, 1871.

LETTER FROM ROME.

Another black pall of smoke spans the heavens. But this time it comes from the New World; and those cinders that the western winds bring us from Chicago fall burning upon many a heart in Europe. A great impulse of succor prevails everywhere. England needed only to know of the catastrophe to pour out the mother's milk. France gathers up her maimed members from her own charred ruins and comes to offer help. Germany forgets not her *kinder* across the sea; and Italy, with whom America so recently rejoiced, now joins in her weeping. It is the topic of conversation and subject of sympathy with all. In an audience given a few days ago to the American minister to Greece, the Hon. Mr. Francis, the Holy Father expressed his profound sorrow at this dreadful disaster; and Dean Stanley, in a sermon preached here in Rome last Sunday, spoke most feelingly of it, and of the sorrow that unites all Christians. But our blood boils with indignation at an article in a French paper, the *Univers*, that has just reached us, in which its editor, Louis Veuillot, not only insults Chicago in this supreme moment of sorrow, but the whole American people, by the grossest language and most brutal reflections. We are sorry to do him the honor of naming him or his paper in your columns; but such editors and such sentiments should be held up to public scorn. We quote verbatim. He says: "One of those big towns, or rather big shops, of the United States, called Chicago, has just been half burnt up. (In another place he calls it a 'cart-shed.') The fire lasted three days. It will cost two hundred millions. . . . These people do not weep their dead—they only know how to weep their money. The fire may burn up their town, but it will destroy neither monuments, nor works of art, nor souvenirs; and melted money is not lost money. They can dig it out of the ruins; and that can even be made a profitable speculation." This is the sympathy of the most Catholic editor of the most Catholic paper in the Catholic Church. His journal is the organ of the Ultramontanes, and the authority for that fanatical party who have no compassion for the direst calamity that can fall upon a people, if they happen to be out of the Roman Church, or Christians within it! They transpose the divine command, and weep with those who rejoice and rejoice with those who weep. Apropos of Ultramontane editors, we are happy to know that, when Christianity, truth, and common decency are all set aside, there can be recourse to civil protection, and that several editors in Germany have been fined and imprisoned for slanderous attacks against Doellinger and others. The great theologian likes predecessors.

Rome has passed through a municipal crisis, and, as in all young governments, party spirit sometimes sets aside good men and good sense. In the beginning of self-government there is much that resembles schoolboys' play; but the Roman people are serious, energetic, and determined, needing only that wisdom which is bought by experience and that can only come of time.

The Congress of Doctors held here this month was largely attended and with excellent results. The 2d of October, the first anniversary of the *Plebiscite*, was celebrated with great *éclat*, the children of the governmental schools taking a prominent part. The day was celebrated inside the Vatican, also, though with different sentiments; and, while the *vivas* for Italia free and her king Victor filled the streets, the Pope made a speech to a numerous audience, in which he said: "I pray the Archangel Michael that he may deliver Italy from the hand of the assassin, and I hope he will hear my prayer." To which were added loud cries of "*Vive the Pontiff King!*"

To-morrow there is to be a consistory held at the Vatican, in which all the cardinals will participate. A pontifical allocution is expected, and the numerous vacant sees will be looked after.

As to the great anti-Papal Catholic reform in Germany, the Pope speaks not, and the clerical party but little. These latter throw now and then ridicule, calumny, and falsehoods into the public ear, to prove their indifference and security and dignity. Silence is the policy of the Vatican where neither covert coaxing, insinuating threats, nor public anathemas suffice. In the meantime, the movement is gathering force. The Oriental Catholics are waking up, and intercommunication with different parts of the body ecclesiastic is going on that would astonish the *Cura*, if they knew it.

His Holiness has sent a reply to the 46 French deputies who lately addressed him, offering their sympathy, with adhesion to his infallibility, their entire submission to the decrees of the Vatican Council and to the Syllabus (!). He maintains, as usual, that the Church of Christ cannot stand, nor its ministers continue their divine offices, without the restoration of his earthly riches and a continuation of a kingly court. Alas, poor France! Alas, poor Pius IX! Their reforms work dissension, retrogade, schisms, and blood.

In Austria the religious movement has assumed proportions that can no longer be ignored by the government; and, following the example of Munich, the municipality of Vienna has accorded a church to the use of the "Primitive Catholics," who are headed by the Abbé Anton, a most intelligent and energetic priest, and who spoke with great eloquence and religious fervor at the Munich Congress. An account has reached us through those who were present at the last celebration of the mass by the Infallibilists, in the above-mentioned church, one-half hour before that of the opponents. The scene and the occasion will remain memorable. The retiring priests wept at the coming desecration, and concluded the ceremonies by opening the tabernacle, consuming the consecrated elements, and extinguishing the communion lamp. Yet Cardinal Rauscher has interfered with ecclesiastical objections to Anton, which, as such, the Austrian Government refuses to intermeddle with.

The 22d instant there was a large reunion of "Primitive Catholics" of Austria and Bavaria at Simbach. Prof. Huber, who is the man of action, presided.

The Bavarian minister of justice and public worship, Herr Von Lutz, has declared the intention of that government in relation to this religious movement. He firmly asserts the right of the state to protect its interests against the infringements of the Church. He declares that the "idea of doctrines of the Catholic Church" has been changed by the dogma of infallibility, and that the decrees of the Vatican Council are dangerous to the state. He gives numerous quotations from the Fathers of the Church, proving that Papal infallibility was never believed by Catholics; and he declares, 1st, that the Bavarian Government guarantees full protection to priests and laymen who reject this dogma against the abuse of ecclesiastical power, and to defend their rights to its full competence; 2d, that the Government is resolved to recognize the rights of parents in the religious education of their children (thus confirming the divine right of parents above the pretended rights of priests over their children); 3d, that the Government will protect all congregations formed of "Primitive Catholics," as well as the individuals who compose them; 4th, that the Government is firmly determined to repel, by all the means in its power, all encroachments on the rights of the state, and to maintain not only the liberty of state, but that also of the church, which is the only means of peace between different communions, both for the present and for the future.

This clear, outspoken policy of Bavaria will, doubtless, be followed up by other Germanic states; so that henceforth Catholic reform is not only a possibility, but a probability, throughout the vast German Empire. Italy will follow; but France will refuse, if for no other reason than of the source of the example. In humbling the pride of the French, Germany has kindled their eternal hatred.

The Catholics of Wurtemberg (whose king and most of her people are Protestant) are following in the movement; and the "Committee of Action" at Stuttgart have published their programme, whose principal points are these: Resistance to the dogma of Papal infallibility is the beginning of Catholic reform; the articles of Christian faith up to the Council of Trent are not to be put in question; the aim of this Catholic movement is the founding of a constitution for the Church in conformity with Christianity as it existed in the early centuries of the Church; the restrictions of the rights of the Pope, according to the Scriptures and the testimony of the Fathers of the Church; the recognition of councils truly œcumenic; the election of priests, bishops, and pope by the people; the abolition of those evils that are undermining the Church—first of all, the forced celibacy of its ministers, the present form of confession, the false use of images, relics, etc., and complete separation of church and state.

We are in the midst of the glorious October days of Rome, and of all the year and all climes the rarest. This is the festal month of the Romans, and life is almost all out of doors. The harvest and the vintage are past, and the winter is not yet come. Revery, devotion, and love reign in the soft, mellow air. Churches do not suffice for the soul, and we stroll instinctively among the ruins, bathed in the warm, ambient sunlight; and, leaving the city, we wander out into the melancholy Campagna, giving the soul its fullest liberty of repose and prayer. And altogether life is a charmed existence, that has in it more of Heaven than of earth. Dear old Rome!

A Catholic.

Rome, Italy, Oct. 27th, 1871.

Music.

The first American concert of Prince Galitzin was given at Steinway Hall on the night of the worst storm remembered in New York for a long time—perhaps for years. The audience consequently was not large; but the performance passed off with spirit, and, despite the imperfect training of the chorus in a style of music entirely new to them, as well as to us, deserves to be called successful. Prince Galitzin, to begin with, is a veritable Russian noble, and a very fine type of one too; and it is understood that the musical career which he has followed at intervals for some years past has been forced upon him by an over-ruling enthusiasm for the music of his native country. The list of scientific Russian composers may almost be counted on one's fingers. Glinka is the best of them, and Glinka obtained his art from Germany, though he drew some of his happiest themes from his own land. In overtures, marches, and operatic selections, therefore, the Prince had nothing to offer us that was absolutely novel in treatment or striking in form, though nearly all that he produced was good; but in the popular songs of the Russian peasantry, which he had learned by listening to the serfs at their merry-makings—the drivers beguiling the tedium of a journey with rude songs to their horses, the boatmen on the rivers chanting as they labored at the oar—he presented some of the most curious and interesting studies ever brought before our people. These songs are somewhat barbarous in tone, abounding in abrupt cadences and strange inflections. They are monotonous, as the music of a rude peasantry always is; they are usually melancholy in character, as we should expect the songs of an oppressed people to be; but they are distinguished by a strange fire, a sort of wild, fierce spirit, which renders them singularly impressive. How far the Prince may have polished them in reducing them to musical notation, and adding full harmonies for voice and orchestra, of course, we cannot say; but the effect is singularly agreeable, and aroused in the small audience which attended the concert on the night of the 16th an extraordinary enthusiasm. The chorus which sang these songs was obtained in this city, and the orchestra was selected from the Philharmonic Society. Galitzin, we believe, brings no performer with him, except an assistant conductor, Mr. Karlberg.

....A commission directed by Sig. Verdi has made a report to the Italian minister of public instruction on the condition and prospective reorganization of the musical colleges of Italy. It is proposed that a nearly uniform system shall be adopted for the whole kingdom. A few day scholars will be admitted, but the majority of the pupils are to be domiciled within the walls of the college. They are to study not only music, but language, literature, musical and dramatic history, general history, geography, penmanship, arithmetic, elocution, fencing, and dancing. The number of pupils to be received by each master is strictly limited; for instance, teachers of voice and counterpoint may not take more than six scholars, teachers of the organ and piano more than seven, teachers of stringed instruments more than six, or teachers of harmony more than ten. Some courses of study may reach eight years, and for most six or seven are allowed. The composition of trial orchestras of fifty members in the colleges, and of eighty-eight in San Carlo or La Scala, is defined, and the balance of voices for the corresponding choruses. The educational rehearsals are to be limited to music of the period named above, and to be approved compositions of the older pupils.

....The thirtieth season of the New York Philharmonic Society opened last Friday afternoon with a public rehearsal, at the Academy of Music. The works selected were the Pastoral Symphony, the introduction to Wagner's "Meistersänger von Nürnberg," and Schumann's "Julius Cæsar" overture. The boxes for the season (other than proscenium boxes) were sold at auction on the 13th inst., and brought much higher prices than ever before. For the first choice the sum of $185 was obtained, this being in addition to the price of the admission tickets, which was $10. The least desirable boxes brought a premium of $50; and the seats in the parquette and balcony were all sold immediately when the offices opened, some weeks ago. This continuously increasing prosperity of the Philharmonic Society is one of the most cheering signs of our progress in esthetic culture.

....At the Academy of Music Miss Nilsson has been repeating "Faust," "La Traviata," and so on, with unvarying popularity. "La Somnambula" was given last week, with Mlle. Duval; and, upon the whole, it was given very badly. Wachtel has closed his engagement at the Stadt Theater, and gone on a tour of the provinces. The English Opera Company has been prospering in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and is now at Pittsburgh.

Scientific.

The effects of frost on vegetation has been recently studied by Professor Goepport, a distinguished German botanist, as we learn from the *Boedoin Scientific Review*. All plants, he says, in the open air would eventually be killed by continued frost, according to their bulk, or the more or less fluid contents of their cells. Cellular tissue, therefore, dies sooner than ligneous tissue, and herbaceous plants sooner than shrubbery plants. The cell contents, or protoplasm, as confirmed by Nägeli and Sachs, manifests great changes. The cell-walls and vessels, on the contrary, are neither torn nor broken even in plants killed by cold; hence the free extravasation of water on the surface of frozen plants. Chemistry is everywhere active. Cellulose and chlorophyll are decomposed, hence the discoloring and ultimate blackening of leaves. This change takes place also in the medullary rays, subject to a higher degree of frost, causing the trunk to split through to the medullary sheath; and, as these clefts never unite (merely grow over), the process at length extends to the wood fibers and vessels. Naturally all the other organic constituents of the cell contents suffer like changes—as, for example, the change of starch to sugar in frozen potatoes. Plants never become accustomed to an absolutely lower temperature than is natural to them in their own homes. We often see plants of this description in cultivation, but we have never succeeded in habituating them to frost. Witness dahlias, cultivated for upward of sixty years, and even now as tender as when first introduced. Even plants from countries equally cold or colder than ours, but with later or earlier seasons, do not readily adapt themselves to the change. For instance, *Robinia pseudacacia*, from Pennsylvania, has been cultivated in Germany some two hundred years, but has not become thoroughly acclimatized. Our spring is earlier than in Pennsylvania; but the *Robinia* does not vegetate so early as our native trees, and does not lose its leaves until the frost kills them; and, in consequence of this, it is often killed by a degree of cold that would not injure it in its native habitat. Winds also injure plants, by means of cold currents; and also, which is not so well known, through the drying up or evaporation of the ice or frozen fluids of the cells, which, in the frozen condition, cannot be replaced. Frequent changes of heat and cold are ultimately fatal to very hardy plants. Plants in high Arctic latitudes, and also on the higher Alps, are not exposed to very intense cold; for snow invariably falls in quantity before severe frosts set in, preventing radiation and insuring a gradual and more uniform degree of cold. And it may be inferred that luxuriant vegetation exists even at the North Pole. Snow practically is the best covering for Alpine plants in gardens, and its absence may explain the cause of many failures in our gardens. Nevertheless, the snow covering does not prevent the roots from being frozen. Growth takes place in winter only when we are free from frost for some time, and then slowly. Finally, plants can bear different degrees of temperature at different parts without injury. Middendorf saw willows in North Siberia in flower, while the lower portions were still frozen.

....At a recent meeting of the American Union Academy in Washington Mr. Saunders, of the National Conservatory, presented a paper of marked interest upon Propagation by means of Cuttings. Mr. Saunders stated that a cutting was to be regarded as a seed; and that, as a seed depended upon the starch within itself for nutrition during the growth of the rootlets, a cutting must in like manner depend upon the starch already in store within itself. If this general principle is correct, it would follow that propagation by cuttings must be governed in proportion to the amount of starch existing in the wood of the plant—that if the supply of starch is limited the plant cannot be sustained until the roots are sufficiently developed to draw nutriment from the soil. This view was sustained by the experiments of Mr. Taylor, of the Department of Agriculture, reported at the same meeting, that of a considerable number of cuttings submitted to microscopic examination the willow indicated the largest amount of starch. Another fact of interest, and of great practical value, stated by Mr. Saunders is, that when a cutting is placed in a sand-bath, if the sand be kept warm and the air cool, it will germinate rootlets, but not buds; whereas, if the atmosphere be kept warm and the sand cool, it will run to buds, without roots. Applying this principle to the transplanting of trees, it follows that trees set in the spring, when the air is warmer than the earth, will develop faster above ground than below, giving us the very common phenomenon of the transplanted tree starting at once into foliage, soon to wither and die. On the other hand, trees set in autumn, when the earth is warmer than the air, develop most rapidly below ground, and get a fair rooting before winter, giving them in the spring a very decided advantage over the spring setting. The common error of fall setting, however, is of its being much too late. In November the ground is too cool to promote root growth, and setting at that time has no essential advantage over that of the spring. Trees should take place immediately after the dropping of the leaves—that is, in the last part of September or the early part of October.

....One interesting part of the study of trees is the question of parasites and epiphytes—the plants that send sucker-like roots into the vitals of the victim tree, or those that simply rest on its branches, as a bird builds its nest, and live on the decayed matter accumulated around it. Of the former, the most familiar is the mistletoe, which is an everyday sight in England, on the apple-tree and poplar, and which may also be seen on limes, and more exceptionally on the mountain ash. Mr. Grindon states that "there are scarcely more than two or three extant examples of mistletoe growing upon the oak in this country"; but the researches and excursions of the Woolhope Field Club have ascertained the existence of that number in Herefordshire alone, and thrice that number in England, without counting the last found—which is in many respects also the finest—the mistletoe-oak at Bredwardine. That at Haven, described and figured in the Woolhope Transactions of 1869, is a large single bunch, well seen in spite of the foliage of the oak on which it grows. Its locale is the ancient Deerfold Forest, where naturalists have also noted the rare occurrence of a mistletoe-bunch on the silver-barked poplar. That found last year at Llangattock Lingoed, in Monmouthshire, also shoots out by a single stem from the under side of a branch about the middle of the tree. But the mistletoe-oak of Bredwardine, which was discovered this year by Sir George Cornewall, whilst engaged in marking trees for falling, differs from these, inasmuch as it is "a thoroughly mistletoe-possessed tree"; for the parasite, according to the Woolhope commissioner, grows in fifteen different places, five of them near the central axis of the tree, which is hale and vigorous, and apparently uninjured by its parasite.

....A pleasant article in the *American Naturalist* notes the difference in the habits of Eastern and Western birds of the same species. For instance, the song sparrow—a tame, familiar bird in the East—is shy, timid, and silent in Iowa; but in Minnesota his shyness, through contact with man, is gradually wearing off. So also the robin and bluebird shun human beings in the uninhabited parts of the West. On the other hand, in the West blue jays are as common in the trees lining the streets as vireos among the elms of New Haven. "Crow blackbirds breed as familiarly in the gardens of Southern Iowa as chipping sparrows, while at almost any hour of the day wild pigeons and doves may be seen gleaning in the busiest streets. Crows are much tamer than in the East, and they often in the wilds of Minnesota build their nests on low bushes. The real influence of man upon animals, and especially on birds, is scarcely yet appreciated. When the subject comes to be more thoroughly understood, we shall find that not only are they governed in their range and numbers through his agency, but that even their natures and mental characteristics are changed as well."

....In a recent lecture delivered at Berlin, reported in the *Revue Scientifique*, Helmholtz concludes that, if electro-dynamic actions are veritably propagated with a determinable rapidity, this rapidity should be greater than 314,400 mètres (a mètre is about 39 inches), or a little over forty-two geographical miles, a second.

News of the Week.

The British Government has appointed Lord Tenterden as the chief agent for the presentation of the claims of British subjects before the tribunal of arbitration shortly to assemble at Geneva, Switzerland. It will be remembered that Lord Tenderden acted as chief secretary of the Joint High Commission at Washington....It is announced in the London *Standard* that the negotiations between the governments of Great Britain and France for the modification of the international commercial treaty have been broken off. No cause is assigned....Disraeli has been elected lord rector of the University of Glasgow, over Ruskin, who was also nominated for the honor....Doctor McLeod, for thirteen years last past the physician in attendance on Queen Victoria, officially denies the reports recently circulated to the effect that the Queen exhibits symptoms of mental weakness....The British Government has granted a pension of £300 to the children of Dr. Livingstone. When last heard from, the Doctor was in the interior of Africa, slowly making his way toward the coast....Another terrible colliery explosion has occurred at Wigan, in which six lives were lost. The shock was so great as to rock the buildings of the town to and fro, and was heard a distance of several miles. Fortunately, the explosion took place after the working gangs had been withdrawn, or the loss of life would have been appalling.

....There is another ministerial crisis in Spain. On the 18th inst. a test vote was taken in the Cortes on the question of confidence in the government, when the latter was beaten, and the ministry immediately resigned....Señor Zorrilla having denied in the Cortes, on the 15th inst., that the first ministry formed after the revolution which drove Queen Isabella from the throne entertained a project for the sale of Cuba to the United States, Gen. Sickles, our minister to the Spanish Court, has made a statement that ministers Rivero, Martos, and Becerras, and also the late Marshal Prim, assured him that "Cuba should be justly treated as a province of Spain, entitled to all the rights granted by the constitution of 1869, and that those promises prevented the American Government from intervening in Cuban affairs."....The committee of the Cortes on the budget has agreed to report in favor of taxing the interest on Spanish bonds held both at home and in foreign countries....On the occasion of the first anniversary of his accession to the throne of Spain, King Amadeus, in response to the congratulations of the ministry and the Cortes, gave the strongest assurances of his patriotism and devotion to the cause of recovering for Spain her position among the Powers of Europe, and restoring national industry and prosperity.

....From Mexico we learn that the country is in a state of anarchy. Formidable revolutions are taking place in nearly all the states, and a change in the existing government is expected before the New Year. A detachment of Government cavalry was defeated by the rebels in a fight near Saltillo, on the 4th inst., and driven into the city. It was stated that the rebels had decided to make a general attack on the town on the 9th inst. Generals Escobedo and Treviño placed all the San Luis troops at the disposal of the Government; but he wishes to resign the governorship of the state. The Government forces from Tamaulipas, under Cortina, have advanced into Nuevo Leon; and the rebel leader Navarrio has fallen back to Monterey. Cortina had at last advices reached a point twenty leagues from that city.

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Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Barrows, William M., Cong., inst., Nov 1st, at Marshall, Mich.
Blake, C. E., Freewill Bapt., inst., Nov. 10th, in D.-street church, South Boston, Mass.
Brooks, Peter H., Presb., inst., Nov. 8th, at Susquehanna Depot, Pa.
Davis, George W., Bapt., ord., Nov. 8th at South Amesbury, Mass.
Dickey, Clement C., Presb., inst., Nov. 9th, in Tompkins-avenue church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Foster, J. B., Presb., inst., Nov. 8th, at Cumminsville, O.
Frazer, John G., Cong., inst., Oct., 11th in Second church, East Toledo, O.
French, G. H., Cong., ord., Nov. 8th, at Johnson, Vt.
Frisbie, A. L., Cong., inst., Nov. 7th, in Plymouth church, Des Moines, Ia.
Griffin, J., Freewill Bapt., ord., Oct. 22d at Sherman, N. Y.
Hamilton, B. F., Cong., inst., Nov. 9th in Elliot church, Boston Highlands, colleague.
Hansen, M. G., Reformed (Dutch), inst., Nov. 1st, in First church, Coxsackie N. Y.
Howe, Charles M., Presb., ord., at Eldora Ia.
Hutchison, J. N., Presb., ord., Oct. 23th in Fairbury, Ill.
Jimeson, Dr., Presb., of Hanging Rock, O., inst., Oct. 31st, at Morgantown West Va.
Kimball, James, Cong., inst., Nov. 8th, at Haydenville, Mass.
Love, William De Loss, Cong., of Milwaukee, inst., Nov. 8th, at East Saginaw, Mich.
Mason, Henry F., Presb., ord., Nov. 8th at Springfield, Pa.
Mays, D. V., Presb., inst., Nov. 1st, at Pabla, Kansas.
Millerd, H. N., Presb., inst., Nov. 2d, in Hamilton Patent, N. Y.
Nocrs, Moses, Presb., inst., Nov. 8th, at Milan, Ill.
Osgood, Edward A., Cong., ord., Oct 24th, at Eastport, Me.
Parmalee, E. H., Cong., inst., at Kill ingly, Ct.
Powell, J. N., Cong., inst., Oct. 17th, at Plymouth and Gilbertsville, Wis.
Rogan, D. W., Cong., inst., Nov. 8th, in Newton, Ia.
Sanders, C. M., Cong., inst., Oct. 31st, at Waukegan, Ill.
Smith, William H., Presb., inst., Oct. 27th at Perry, Ill.
Walker, A. C., Presb., inst., Nov. 1st, in Gloversville, N. Y.
Welch, J. Milton, Unit., ord., Oct. 27th, at Emporia, Kansas.
Wilson, Joseph Le, Presb., ord., Nov. 11th, at Millville, N. J.
Wood, Frank A., Presb., ord., Oct. 24th, at Washington, Ia.

CALLS.

Alden, Willis, Bapt., to Santa Rosa, Cal.
Agle, H. H., Luth., to Newport, Pa.
Ashton, Samuel, Univ., to Lincoln, Ill.
Babler, E. G. M., Reformed (Dutch), to Pultneyville, N. Y.
Bakeman, A. C., Bapt., of Newburyport, Mass., to Zanesville, Wis.
Baumhoefner, C. W., Luth., to Columbus, Neb.
Bethke, H., Luth., to Rochester, Ind.
Biddle, L. G., Luth., of Millersburg, Ind., to Elkhart, Ind.
Bundenthal, Mr., Luth., to Marion, Ind.
Burnham, J. H., Unit., to Saginaw, Mich.
Cady, E. C., Bapt., of St. John, N. B., to Washington, Ia.
Cady, Mr., Cong., of Fitchville, O., to Clarkfield, O.
Caldwell, James, Cong., of Royalton, Vt., to Bethel, Vt.
Child, J. B., Bapt., of Gouverneur, N. Y., to Pawtucket, R. I.
Dean, H. B., Cong., to Prescott, Wis.
Deininger, W. A., Luth., to Bloomington, Ill.
Dickson, J. A., Southern Presb., of Monticello, Ark., to Millersburg, Ky.
Eichelberger, W., Luth., to Wardensville, Va.
Edgar, David, Presb., to Upper Sandusky, O.
Fitz, Edward S., Cong., of Andover Seminary, to Derry, N. H.
Foster, J. B., Presb., to Cumminsville, O.
Freeman, George O., Cong., of Milford, N. H., to North Bridgewater, Mass.
Grant, H. M., Cong., of Smyrna, N. Y., to Stirling, N. Y.
Green, C. R., Bapt., of Bridgeport, Vt., to Vergennes, Vt.
Harlow, E. A., Cong., of Kansas, to Cape Elizabeth, Me.
Harris, Mr., Cong., to Belfast, Me.
Hill, William T., Bapt., to Marshall and Waterloo, Wis.
Junack, T. I. T., Luth, to Welswasser, Mo.
Joly, F. W., Luth., to Tecumseh, Neb.
Jordan, Eben S., Cong., of Cumberland Center, Me., to Gorham, Me.
Kelgwin, A. N., Presb., to Second church, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Kingsbury, J. W., Cong., of New Hampshire, to Lower Biddeford, Me.
Kleippisch, E. S., Luth., to Belleville, Ill.
Koutz, William P., Presb., to Covington, Ky.
Mansfield, T., Luth., to Pocahontas, Ia.
McConnell, James A., Southern Presb., of Franklin, to Pisquemine, La.
McKee, W. B., Presb., of Mechanicsburg Pa., to Sparta, N. J.
Meyer, H., Luth., to East St. Louis, Ill.
Millard, William A. A., Bapt., of Rowe, Mass., to Hamilton, Ill.
Miller, P., Luth., of Wardensville, Va., to Woodstock, Va.
Murphy, W. D., Bapt., of Rockport, to Mexico, Mo.
Myers, A., Luth., of Portland, Or., to Salem, Or.
Noble, W. B., Presb., to Second church, Mattoon, Ill.
Pollard, Dr., Bapt., of Taunton, Mass., to Fourth street church, South Boston, Mass.
Ramelow, H., Luth., to Ionia, Mich.
Rees, J. W., Bapt., of White Pigeon, Mich., to Clinton, Ill.
Repass, S., Luth., of Salem, Va., to Winchester, Va.
Rees, C. W., Bapt., to Red Bluff, Cal.
Runyan, A. B., Bapt., of Lock Haven, to Blanchard, Pa.
Rupprecht, L., Luth., to Norfolk, Neb.
Scholtz, Prof. W., Luth., to Fremont, Mo.
Spencer, Thomas, Presb., to York and Walnut Prairie, Ia.
Spence, W. R., Presb., to Pleasant Run, O.
Stebbins, H., D.D., Unit., of San Francisco, Cal., to St. Louis, Mo.
Talmage, Goyn, Reformed (Dutch), of Rhinebeck, N. Y., to Paramus, N. J.
Van Buersen, R. D., Presb., of Shelbyville, Ill., to Paris, Ill.
Wilson, J. E., Bapt., of Randolph, Mass., to First church, Burlington, N. J.
Wiley, H. L., Luth., of Lucas, O., to Wooster, O.
Wunderlich, H., Luth., to Tollerton, Ind.

REMOVALS.

Antes, J. H., Univ., of Lewiston, Me.
Annble, Dr., Bapt., of Cambridge, Mass., to Lynn, Dr., Meth., of Haverhill, Mass
Ill health.
Borden, Thomas, Univ., of Lowell street church, Manchester, N. H.
Buxton, W. B., Unit., of Marblehead, Mass.
Clawson, H., Univ., of Gardner, Me.
De Witt, Abner, Presb., of Park church, Troy, N. Y.
Dodd, Luther, Presb., of Salem, Ia.
Fay, Prescott, Cong., of Vine-street church, Minneapolis, Minn.
Freeman, J. R., Cong., of Barkhamstead, Conn.
Garland, George D., Freewill Bapt., of Monroe, Me.
Goodfellow, John A., Epis., of Camden, N. J.
Hubbard, C. H., Cong., of Second church, Bennington, N. J.
Lord, Daniel, Presb., of Calvary church, Chicago.
McCloud, C. S., Bapt., of Jefferson Tenn.
Nugent, E. R., Presb., of Mapluton, Kansas.
Parks, R., Freewill Bapt., of Ellenburgh, N. Y.
Rice, D., D.D., Presb., of Second church, Lafayette, Ind.
Richards, James, D.D., Presb., of East Boston, Mass.
Scott, E. Y., Presb., of Fort Scott, Kansas.
Singleton, H. L., Southern Presb., of First church, Wilmington, N. C.
Steiner, J., Reformed (German), at Taneytown, Md.
Stevens, L. M., Presb., of Laporte, Ind.
Tombes, J. B., Bapt., of Delaware. O.
Wahlberg, J. G., Luth., of Vencdy, Ill. Ill health.

DEATHS.

Bigelow, Thornton, Cong., 36, of Madura, India, August 19th.
Cookman, Alfred, Meth., 44, of Newark, N. J., Nov. 13th.
Hamilton, Hiram S., Cong., 60, of Eaton Rapids, Mich., Oct. 20th.
Kaiser, F., Luth., at Gillespie, Ill., Sept. 22d.
Kiezel, John George, Luth., of Jerusalem, Md., Oct. 5th.
Leland, Aaron W., D.D., Presb., of Columbia, S. C., Nov. 2d.
Linthicum, Hezekiah, Meth. Prot., of Howard County, Md., Nov. 7th.
Neff, Isaac, Meth., of Lebanon, O., Oct. 28th.
Norwood, Francis, Cong., 75, of Beverly, Mass., Oct. 6th.
Platt, Dennis S., Cong., 74, of Washington, Conn., Oct. 26th.
Price, Samuel Joseph, Southern Presb., 63, of Lancster, S. C., Nov. 1st.
Schaeffer, Solomon, Luth., 63, of Blocksburg, Va., Nov. 1st.
Smith, William A., Presb., 54, of Urbana, Ill.
Smyth, Henry M., Cath., 32, of North Brookfield, Mass., Oct. 22d.
Swan, J. A., Unit., 48, of Cambridge, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Howe, M. A. De Wolf, D.D., Epis., of Philadelphia, is elected bishop of Central Pennsylvania.
McMullin, Samuel H., Presb., was inaugurated, Oct. 12th, professor in Danville Theological Seminary.
Witherspoon, T. D., D.D., Southern Presb., is elected professor of moral philosophy in Davison College, N. C.
Wolf, E. J., Luth., of Baltimore, is elected professor of homiletics in Gettysburg Seminary.
Van Sicier, Mr., Meth., of Baltimore, D. appointed chaplain of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Our Young Folks.

DARLING'S DOLLIES.

BY R. R. BOWKER.

Dis one's Gen'ral Lyon'
He's a dood boy,
Never does no kyin'—
I tell 'oo why!
Ain't dot no ky in him.
Dat's why he's dood.
'F I hadn't no ky,
Why den I could!
And dis Baby Buster—
Dat's my namesake,
Cause see likes, like I do,
Canny an' cake.
Why, where's Flopelena?
'Oo bad, wrong doll!
See won't mind her murrer
When I call an' call!

Dass 'oo le'm me catch 'oo,
I puts 'oo to bed.
My! dare's dat bad chilten!
See's holeded her head!
And here's Auntie Gertie
G'an'pa bort home.
G'an'pa's ship dot in den,
Mamma said it 'd come.
Such a *dear, boofal* dolly,
And de boofulest hair!
But her bestest d'ess
Dot a awful tear.
'N den her head goes roun'—
Such a funny sicht—
Guess 'oo see hers one time
Make 'oo laugh all night!
Why, dat dare boofulest dolly's
Dot nails in her toes.
So's 'ittle baby sister—
See's dot ten toes,
An' see's best of all, 'oo see,
Cause see *knows!*

"WAITING FOR SOME ONE TO COME ALONG."

BY PAUL CODDEN.

"HEIGH-HO! What are you doing there, you little meddlesome youngster? You haven't any business to be in my pantry, you know you haven't, rummaging about among my bright tins. Come right out now, for I scoured all my tins this morning, so bright you can see your face in 'em; and I don't want your little dirty fingers mussing 'em up."

"My fingers are ever so clean," replied Jamie Ray, in a half-frightened voice, as he continued to make the "bright tins" rattle under the touch of his fingers.

"Now don't you be telling me the likes of that, young man; for it isn't meself that'll believe it. Didn't I see your fingers in bread and molasses not more than half an hour ago?"

"But I washed 'em clean, Maggie."

"Very well, sir. All that may be just so, but I don't like the marks of the cleanest fingers on my bright tins, and I don't want any tracks neither on my clean pantry floor. So you must come right out, or I'll tell your Ma when she comes home."

Jamie was Maggie's favorite. He was the youngest of the family, a little fellow, not quite seven years old, and Maggie had lived in the family ever since he was born. As a general thing, whatever he did was exactly right. He might run over her kitchen or pantry floor just after she had done up her week's scrubbing, or might handle her dishes and "bright tins" with impunity. But occasionally something went wrong with her, and changed her mood; and then she would grant no more indulgences to Jamie. He must leave her pantry or her kitchen in the shortest possible space of time, if he didn't want a scolding.

And Jamie never wanted a scolding. It was a little more than he could bear: and so he began to retreat slowly from the kitchen pantry, although he had not found what he wanted.

As he was stealing out of the kitchen, casting sidelong, cautious glances at her, Maggie's heart suddenly relented.

"Let me look at your fingers, sonny," she said. "Are you sure there ain't a haper of molasses on 'em?"

Jamie looked at Maggie with renewed confidence, and held out both hands, that she might see how clean his fingers were.

"Well, they couldn't be much cleaner, that's the truth," she said; "and you may go back and play with my bright tins, if you won't track my floor."

"I don't want to play with the tins," replied Jamie. "I only want the bright new cup."

"The cup your Ma bought of the ragatherer, the other day? Is that the one you want?"

"Yes, I want that one; it's so nice to drink out of."

"My little Jamie shall drink out of a nice bright tumbler," said Maggie, whose good-nature was now fully restored.

"Please give me the tin cup," replied Jamie. "I like a cup the best. I want to see it for somebody."

"Well, anything you like. You may have just what you want, my little man. You'll find the cup inside of the new basin, right behind the door."

Jamie went back and got the tin cup, and then went out and sat down on the grass by the pump. There he sat a long time, watching the passers-by, as if he were expecting to see some familiar face.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Maggie, as she looked out of the window, "I believe that child is getting crazed in his head. It would take a smart one to tell why he's been sitting there so long, twisting his head toward the street, and holding that empty cup. There goes his curly head again, twisted over the fence; but he don' see the one he wants, that's sure. What can he want? Well, it's himself that gets quare notions into his head; and when he sets out to do a thing, he won't tell the first person, nor the next one neither.

It was true that Jamie did many a thing that he did not choose to explain to others; and this was not the first time Maggie had been puzzled in trying to understand his movements. And it would have puzzled any one to tell why he sat there so still, by the pump, with the empty cup in his hand.

But the mystery was soon solved. An old man came tugging up the street with a bundle on his arm; and he was wiping the sweat from his head and face, for they were wet with the heat of an August sun. Jamie's eyes were at once fastened on him, and he jumped up, exclaiming:

"There's my man! Old man—poor, tired old man—won't you please to come here and let me give you a drink of cold water out of this bright tin cup?"

The old man looked around and smiled, and then came up to the gate and opened it, just as Jamie had begun to work the pump. He was a weary, worn-looking old man; but he smiled as he said to Jamie: "Didn't I hear you say, 'There's my man?' and ask me to come in and get a drink of water?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jamie; "and I think you must be my man, the very one I was looking for. You see I've been waiting for some one to come along; and a good many have come past here, but they didn't say of 'em look tired and thirsty. You do, though; and here's this bright tin cup full of water for you."

"That's good, my little fellow! that's good!" said the old man, as he gave back the cup to Jamie. "I was thirsty and faint when you called me, and was that very minute wishing I had a drink of good cold water.

"Are you a very old man?" asked Jamie, gazing into the thin, wrinkled face.

"Yes, my dear little boy, I'm a very old man; but I have to go over that long, dusty road every day, for I must earn my bread."

"I'll go right into the house and ask my mother to give you something to eat.'

"No, not to-day, my fine little fellow, for I'm not hungry. But I was very thirsty though, and that cup of cold water was worth its weight in gold. I must walk another mile yet; but I've been refreshed, and so I can do it."

"Are you very poor?" asked Jamie.

"Yes, my boy, very poor; or I wouldn't be going over that dusty, stony road in this heat."

"I can work the pump myself," said Jamie, "and I'll give you some cold water in this bright tin cup every time you want it. I'm glad I was out here, waiting for some one to come along."

"Shure, and isn't it quare enough," exclaimed Maggie to herself, as she peeped out from behind a tree, where she had been standing, using her eyes and ears. "It's all about a cup of water—just that shure, and nothing more. But isn't it a pretty picture to look at—that old man and little Jamie; and haven't they had a fine, nice talk betwane 'em? Shure, and wouldn't it be a good thing if grown folks, as well as children, would be kapin' their eyes open and '*waitin' for somebody to come along*'?"

The Sunday-school.

THIS is a season of the year when many country Sunday-schools suspend operations, for a vacation. Vacations in a Sunday-school are where are more a matter of habit than of necessity. City Sunday-schools take theirs, if at all, in the summer. Village Sunday-schools sometimes choose the spring for theirs. In the country winter is the popular season for such suspensions. The shirking of duty by the officers and teachers for a few weeks or months can be done at almost any season of the year, in any Sunday-school; and there are differences in taste as to the best month for it. No Sunday-school, however, need be closed—summer, winter, spring, or autumn—on the *scholars'* account. Children live all the year round, and they are wide-awake for action as long as they live. They might as well be forbidden to snow-ball, or coast, or skate in mid-winter, to go in bathing in summer, to play ball in the spring, or to gather nuts in the autumn, out of regard for their enjoyment, as to be forbidden the Sunday-school on the score of their inability or unwillingness to come to it. Only where all the children are in a state of "suspended animation" is there a good reason for a Sunday-school vacation, whether the weather be cold, hot, wet, or windy.

A correspondent calls our attention anew to this subject, requesting us to publish the subjoined reasons for keeping a Sunday-school open in the winter, as given in the columns of the *Baptist Teacher*, by Rev. J. Henry Brittain, of Willistown, Pa. He adds: "Mr. Brittain is both superintendent and pastor, and practices what he preaches, as he will keep his school open all the year round."

"WHY KEEP OPEN?

"1. The Sunday-school is too beneficial in its influence to be dispensed with for half the year.

"2. The sessions of our secular schools are not suspended in winter.

"3. These months afford both teacher and and scholar the best opportunities for study.

"4. Library books and papers may then be more faithfully and satisfactorily read.

"5. Unfavorable weather a portion of the time renders it only more necessary to improve that which is favorable.

"6. Overcoming difficulties incident to the season will develop true character.

"7. The evils of disorganization every fall will be avoided.

"8. Scholars will be impressed that teachers are thoroughly in earnest in seeking their eternal welfare.

"9. The avenues of Christian usefulness and sympathy will be found open all the time between teacher and scholar.

"10. The winter months furnish special opportunities for the conversion of adult classes in numbers and proficiency.

"11. Satan does not suspend operations for six months in the year. Can Christian teachers afford to do so?

"12. Death is busy all the year round, and so should those be who are preparing for death."

....A teacher's week-day work for his class is more important than his Sunday work with his class. Not only in his preparation for teaching, but in his intercourse with his class, much must be done outside of the school. He can never learn his scholars' peculiarities and special needs in the class as he can learn them at their homes, in the fields, or workshops, or elsewhere at their daily occupation. He can never secure their sympathy while estranged from all their teacher as he can while showing himself their friend. If he cannot visit every scholar of his charge each week, he can visit one or more of them. A single visit may tell for eternity. It will hardly fail to tell for time. If the scholar is full of life and health, he will welcome gladly the cheerful presence of his kind-hearted teacher. If, on the other hand, the scholar is in sickness, he longs for words of cheer from his teacher, who comes with love and sympathy. A visit to a sick scholar should never be postponed. The opportunity of doing permanent good at that time is too precious to be lost. The danger of a visit too late should not be risked. Dr. Steel tells a touching story of a delayed call at the home of an absent scholar by a teacher, who had postponed the visit until the sad news of the death of the little one reached her. The sad-hearted mother said reproachfully: "We thought you might have come. But we sent you word; but you didna come. Puir thing! Annie was fond o' the Sabbath class, and said not stay away, wet or dry." And the mother burst into tears. There was little help in that teacher's visit. There are many aching hearts of scholars kept from Sunday-school whom no teachers call to comfort.

....The work of the Sunday-school teacher receives its importance from the value and possibilities of childhood. Of the magnitude of these possibilities it has been said:

"The world is soon to be a conclusion, of which children are the premises; it will soon be a plentiful harvest, of which they are the prolific seed. Children are a problem of which the future history of the world will be but the solution; and the capacious temple of the coming world, embracing all her wealth, intelligence, enterprise, and glory, is to be constituted of the present generations of childhood in its foundation and materials."

And of the surpassing importance of early impressions the same writer (Greenwood) declares:

"Ten years of childhood, in one sense, contain the whole period of responsibility for man. Now he is determining what he shall be; all the rest is but manifestation. It has been said that the man is made at six years of age. The after process is the filling up of the previous outlines."

How precious, then, the present moment with the little ones!

....At the recent State Conference of Congregational Churches of Connecticut the subject of "The Normal Relation of the Children of Believers to the Church" was discussed at some length, and with such interest that its consideration was continued for next year's Conference. Rev. Dr. Bacon said this was the revival of a theme that attracted no little attention two hundred years ago. Rev. C. M. Wines, of Hartford, quoted from the old Westminster and Heidelberg Confessions, to show that baptized children were formerly counted as in the church fold; and he told of a plan adopted in his own church for the practical re-establishment of the ancient catechumenical system for the instruction of the children of the church. The fuller discussion of this subject will tend to the better defining of the true relations of the Sunday-school to the church.

....The *Sunday-school Workman* publishes the names of nearly fifty Sunday-school experts who are open to calls to conduct or bear a part in Sunday-school institutes; and the *Sunday-school Journal* suggests that at the next National Sunday-school Convention there be a session for the benefit of institute conductors. These items indicate something of the growth of the department of Sunday-school normal work in our country.

....The Rev. Warren Randolph, D.D., of Philadelphia, has been chosen Sunday-school secretary of the Baptist Bible and Publication Society, and has entered upon his important duties. If he does the work for his denomination that Dr. Vincent does for the Methodists, the Baptists will have cause for congratulation on their choice.

CAN you tell me of what race of men Napoleon Bonaparte was descended? Of course I can (Corsican). Well, then, why *don't* you?

Pebbles.

LITTLE JESSIE had been doing something which her Mamma had told her she mustn't do. She had been eating currants, and, of course, got her mouth all stained. That's the way she got found out. Her mother said: "You know you were forbidden to eat currants!" "But, Mother, Satan tempted me!" "Why didn't you say, Get thee behind me, Satan?" "I did say, Get thee behind me, Satan. And he went and got behind me, and pushed me right into the currant-bushes."

....What makes your cows so cross?" said an old lady to the milkman, the other day. "Cross, ma'am? They are the gentlest things in the world." "Well, the milk is always sour," the matron replied, sharply.

....A correspondent inquired of H. G. if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose taste had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

....The Dubuque farmer who, in addition to his profits from produce, has made this season nearly two thousand dollars by the sale of honey has derived as much from mere being as from actual doing.

....The question, "Who was Richard III before he was 'himself again'?" has been going the rounds of our contemporaries for some time. The answer is plain: He was somebody beside himself.

....A man who slept in a pew in a Chicago church the night after the fire declared that he had hitherto slept in pews under more agreeable circumstances.

....At this season, among things for the real protection of women, and at the same time something that will help to elevate them, are thick-soled shoes.

....One of Danbury's prominent citizens objects to the 30th for Thanksgiving. He says it is the last day in November he would think of for that purpose.

....What is the difference between a preserved herring and a fat earthenware manufacturer? One is a *potted bloater*, and the other is a *bloated potter*.

....There is a deal of talk about English reserve; but what would Wellington have done at Waterloo if it had not been for his "reserve"?

The Independent.

Its Extensive Circulation in All Parts of the Country.

THE following facts and figures taken from our mail-books prove most conclusively that THE INDEPENDENT is the best advertising medium in the country. We stand ready to verify the same to any advertiser who doubts the accuracy of our statement. We are *astonished ourselves* at this revelation of unparalleled facts and figures made in a recent examination. Advertisers will also bear in mind that THE INDEPENDENT probably circulates—through news a gents, to whom we make large sales—in many places not mentioned on our mail-books. We do not believe that any single newspaper in the State of Massachusetts, either secular or religious, goes into so many towns or to so many post-offices in that state as does THE INDEPENDENT; and the same, we believe, is true of Illinois, and also of *every other Northern State*. In other words THE INDEPENDENT has a wider territorial circulation in each of the Northern States than any other journal, either local or foreign. If a business man, therefore, in Boston or Chicago, wants to communicate with the public in his *own state and vicinity*, THE INDEPENDENT, as will be seen, is by far the best medium. Our crowded advertising columns conclusively show that business men in all directions already appreciate our ability to aid them, and we are not afraid to refer inquiries-any to thousands of such in New York and elsewhere.

We mean it shall not be our fault if THE INDEPENDENT does not go to every post-office in the country. In other words, we mean to merit the patronage of all good people in every direction.

The following figures show the number of post-offices to which THE INDEPENDENT is now sent in the several states mentioned:

STATE.	No. of Post-Offices in each State to which THE INDEPENDENT is sent.	No. of Post-Offices in each State to which THE INDEPENDENT is not sent.
MAINE	790	419
NEW HAMPSHIRE	395	264
VERMONT	446	395
MASSACHUSETTS	666	612
RHODE ISLAND	98	80
CONNECTICUT	592	385
NEW YORK	2,602	2,003
NEW JERSEY	486	315
PENNSYLVANIA	2,566	1,317
OHIO	1,943	1,017
INDIANA	1,237	407
IOWA	1,017	535
ILLINOIS	1,523	887
WISCONSIN	986	493
MICHIGAN	890	610
MINNESOTA	535	216
KANSAS	331	227
CALIFORNIA	440	141
MISSOURI	1,006	224
NEBRASKA	134	77

In the above named twenty States the figures show that THE INDEPENDENT *is sent to 10,615 post-offices.*

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
NOVEMBER 12th, 1870

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM CABINET OFFICERS.

From Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, 25 May, 1866.

I beg you to accept my thanks for the fine engraving you have sent me of Mr. Carpenter's picture, the First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

It is a vivid presentation of the scene, with portraits of rare fidelity to nature.

The engraver has been singularly successful in copying it, without impairing or detracting from its excellence in these points.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From Chief-Justice Chase (late Secretary of the Treasury).

WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1866.

I have just received the engraving of your "Emancipation Proclamation Picture." I do not see that improvement is possible.

Accept my congratulations on your complete success.

As always, your friend,
F. B. CARPENTER, Esq. S. P. CHASE.

From Secretary Stanton.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, } May 22, 1866.

Accept my thanks for the beautiful proof of your admirable painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."

The work is, in every respect that I am capable of judging, entirely satisfactory, and worthy of national admiration, as a fitting commemoration of Mr. Lincoln's great deed.

Yours, truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

From Secretary Welles.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, } May 5th, 1866.

The Engraving, I am happy to see, is amply commended. Some parts are excellent, and all well done.

Some feelings of sadness when I saw it came over me for the great and good man who so interested himself for you, and whom we all love.

Very truly yours,
GIDEON WELLES

From Secretary McCulloch.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 3d, 1866.

The Engraving is a very elegant one. I have no doubt the picture will be generally approved and greatly admired.

I am, very truly yours,
HUGH McCULLOCH.

From Hon. Edward Bates, late Attorney-General of the United States.

The individual portraits are very life-like. Indeed, I have never seen a group of seven or eight figures all of which so truly presented the originals.

The execution seems to me excellent, and, without any opinion of mine, my dear sir, your work is a *manifest* success.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWARD BATES.

From Postmaster-General Dennison.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3d, 1866.

It gives me very great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the admirable engraving from your noble painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," by our late lamented President.

The approving judgment of the country of the merit of the picture, and the justness of its association with Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," in a great national painting, which has been so universally conceded, cannot fail to commend the engraving to every truly patriotic American citizen.

Truly yours,
W. DENNISON

From Secretary Harlan.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, } WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1866.

I take great pleasure in acknowledging the rece pt of Ritchie's Engraving from your beautiful painting.

Trusting, my dear sir, that you may live long to enjoy the fruits of your eminent talent, I am truly yours,
JAMES HARLAN.

From Attorney-General Speed.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, } WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

In your great picture you have succeeded in bringing out and making the faces show their thoughts. You have not sought the natural in the heroic, a fault so common that it must be difficult for an artist to avoid it. The naturalness of the picture makes it with me one of the grandest and most beautiful achievements of art that I have ever seen.

The engraving is admirably executed.

Truly yours, JAMES SPEED.

From Senator Fessenden, late Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

I have received the Engraving from your picture of "The First Reading." It is admirably done, both in points of finish and faithfulness, and I prize it highly.

Yours, truly,
W. P. FESSENDEN.

From Assistant-Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1866.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my thanks for your admirable engraving of Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

The fidelity of its portraits enhances the historical interest derived from the subject of the picture.

It must be as gratifying to Mr. Carpenter to find his great work so accurately and beautifully reproduced as it is gratifying to others to find it in a form which permits it to be seen and appreciated everywhere throughout the world.

Yours, truly,
F. W. SEWARD.

There is a post-office — except to places where *overland rates* are char

NOTICES.

☞ All communications for the Editorial Literary, News, and Miscellaneous Columns of this journal should be addressed to **The Editor of The Independent, P. O. Box 2787.**

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, November 23d, 1871.

RE-NOMINATION OF GENERAL GRANT.

Now that the state elections for this year are finished, resulting in the most decisive victories for the Republican party, the Springfield *Republican*, true to its own antecedents, renews the expression of its opposition to General Grant as the candidate of the party in the next presidential campaign. It gives a list of Republicans from which a successful nominee might be selected, including Messrs. Colfax, Boutwell, Hawley, Sumner, Adams of Massachusetts, Greeley, Cox of Ohio, Trumbull, Judge Davis, Gratz Brown of Missouri, and Curtin of Pennsylvania, but not including Ulysses S. Grant. We could have guessed beforehand that the last of these names would not be found in the *Republican's* list, and hence feel no surprise. Its attitude toward President Grant has been one of persistent hostility, and very often of querulous, bitter, and exceedingly unfair criticism, in which respects it is no representative of the general tone of the Republican press. The motives of the editor we neither impeach nor commend; yet it is a well understood fact that the Springfield *Republican* has undertaken the job of defeating the re-nomination of General Grant. It was, hence, a matter of course that it would look elsewhere for a suitable candidate. Advice coming from such a source may well be taken with a great many grains of allowance.

If the state elections of this year had been disastrous to the Republican party, this would have supplied the *Republican* with a plausible and, indeed, a forcible reason why the party should concur with its view—at least, so far as General Grant is concerned. His opponents would have said, and that too very justly, that the President's Administration was condemned by the popular voice; and that it would, therefore, be inexpedient to make him the Republican standard-bearer next year. It would have been argued that these elections, though directly confined to state officers, were, nevertheless, so connected with national politics, and the general management of the Government, as to indicate the drift of public sentiment. This fact would have been urged as a very serious if not a conclusive objection to General Grant, unless the Republican party proposed the folly of courting its own defeat, by presenting a candidate shown not to possess the confidence and good-will of the people.

It so happens, however, that the fact is just the reverse of this supposition. The eighteen state elections which have been held this year have been almost one continuous series of Republican triumphs, indicating the general satisfaction of the people with the policy of the party, and of the party with the President. These victories have been won with the prevalent and nearly universal expectation that General Grant would be the nominee of the next National Republican Convention. No other name is prominent before the people. The general sense of the party has already settled what the act of the convention will formally declare. This fact is upon the face of the state elections held this year. The result, being not one of disaster, but of victory, indicates what the Republican party will do next year, with the name of Ulysses S. Grant inscribed on its banner. If a totally different result would have been a just cause for rejecting him, then surely his virtual endorsement by the people is a very good reason for giving him the nomination. Public sentiment in respect to him is already ascertained, by the best test possible, short of the actual process of casting and counting the votes for presidential electors.

The strength of General Grant with the people is so manifest, from the elections of 1871, that the leaders of the Democratic party are at this moment put to their wits' ends to know what to do. Some have advised the disorganization of the party, and the creation of a new one, on different principles; and others have proposed that Democracy, while retaining its organization, should make no nomination for the Presidency, but go into the field as the volunteer servitor of *bolting* Republicans, and help them in the task of defeating General Grant, in the event of his nomination. Democrats have the sagacity to see in him the strongest man whom Republicans can present to the people; and, assuming that Republicans possess an equal sagacity, and will, hence, nominate the man most likely to win, they anticipate their own defeat, unless they can in some way divide the Republican vote. We do not mean to intimate that the party could not succeed with any other name; yet we entirely agree with Democrats and nine-tenths of the Republican voters throughout the country that Ulysses S. Grant is the man whom it will be most difficult for the Democracy to beat, and whom, moreover, Republicans can most easily and certainly elect.

If the Springfield *Republican*, and those Republicans who declare their opposition to the renomination of General Grant, have not yet made this discovery, they are very dull scholars. If they have made it, and yet persist in their opposition, then they would be very poor guides for the party to follow. If they mean to intimate that they will not support the ticket with General Grant's name upon it, then let us understand beforehand that they are not Republicans unless they can dictate the nominee of the party. This is a kind of Republicanism which scarcely merits a hearing, except to be summarily treated with the contempt it richly deserves. Political leaders who will not acquiesce in the general sense of the party to which they belong, had better seek their quarters elsewhere. No party should tolerate any such prescriptive ascendency among any of its supporters.

The overwhelming leaning of the Republican party at this moment toward General Grant has its basis in good and sufficient reasons, found in his administration of the Government; and we know of but one man who can change this attitude, and that man is himself. Let him continue to conduct the Government with the same discretion, wisdom, and fidelity that have hitherto distinguished his official career, and he will continue to retain the confidence and esteem of the people. This will make him the nominee of the Republican party, and the elect of the people next fall; and that, too, in spite of all opposition, either in the party or out of it. The effort to divert Republicans from this purpose by attacking General Grant is at best simply a waste of powder. He has too many solid recommendations, and has managed the Government too wisely and too well, to be laid aside to gratify not more than half a dozen Republican politicians, who have taken it into their heads to oppose his renomination. The best thing they can do is quietly to accept the inevitable, and console themselves with the reflection that the collected wisdom of the party is quite equal to their individual light. We are not entirely without hope that the Springfield *Republican* will cre long come to this conclusion.

COMMUNISM IN AMERICA.

THE result of Mr. Wendell Phillips's endeavor in Massachusetts to revolutionize society, to which we took occasion recently to advert, was not of a kind to encourage a less sanguine nature to hope for the speedy coming of the millennium he is looking for. That he will continue his labors we may take for granted, and we think we may promise him and his admirers a success in the next twelve-month answering to that which waited upon him in the last. As he succeeded in reducing the Labor Reform vote of 1870, of about 13,000, to say 6,500 in 1871, we are confident that he can reasonably hope for something like 3,000 in 1872, unless the fact of its being a presidential year may reduce it to a still lower figure. This signal failure of the efforts of so very able a man to inoculate the laboring classes of America with French Communism—for his theories must lead him thither, if they do not take their departure thence—is a very encouraging sign of our times. It shows that the working classes—meaning thereby those that work with their hands—are much more intelligent than their misleaders have supposed; and that they can see into fallacies and sophistries, even through the glittering haze of words in which Mr. Phillips can envelope them. Their own common sense and instinctive perception of what is for their own advantage teach them that they would have nothing to gain by the disturbance of all the existing arrangements of society, which does give every one of them a fair chance, if they can seize it, to improve their condition, and protects them in the possession and disposition of whatever they can earn. And, if any apprehensions have been felt as to the spread and prevalence of communistic notions in this country, the returns of the votes of the Labor Reform party should reassure those entertaining them, and give them fresh confidence in the stability of our social and political institutions.

We lack in this country the class out of which Communists are made. The Anglo-Saxon race, which yet forms the predominant element of our multiform population, have never taken kindly to extravagances of speculation. Though the International has its headquarters in London, because of the entire absence of political interference with any theories there, it is obvious, from the names of its leaders and representatives at meetings on the Continent, that they are almost entirely composed of men of Continental origin. And, after it put forth its violent manifesto, some six months since, in which it defended the atrocities of the Commune, Mr. Odger, and one or two other Englishmen whose names were attached to it, denied that this was done by their authority, and virtually turned their backs on the body. The International, it will be remembered, is of a totally different constitution and with very different objects from the Trades Unions. These exist for the regulation of wages and hours of labor, and are strictly legal and moral in their character, in legally and morally carried out, even though they have been often unwise. Every man has a right to say for what wages and hours he may choose he will work, and he may combine with others for this object, without any impeachment of his character as a good citizen, provided he do not interfere with the equal right of his neighbor to do what he thinks best for himself. The Trades Unions accept the existing conditions of society. They combine merely to regulate those conditions so as to suit their ideas of the best interests of the working classes, technically so called. The International strikes at the root of society, as it has grown up and established itself in the soil of modern civilization. Its avowed objects are to abolish individual ownership in the soil, in mines, railways, canals, telegraphs, machinery and implements of labor; all of which are to be held by the community for the general good. In order to gain and secure these ends, the old superstitions of religion and morality are to be destroyed. At the Socialist Alliance, formed or held at Geneva, in 1869, its Declaration of Sentiments contained these doctrines, among others: It declared itself atheist, demanded the abolition of all worship, the substitution of science for faith, the abolition of marriage, the political, social, and economical equalization of the sexes, and the abolition of inheritance. During the second seige of Paris these doctrines were preached and practiced, as far as practicable. As Mr. Harrison, an English socialist, said of them: "The workingmen of Paris believe in no God and no man." And yet this remarkable casuist says of them: "They are the most truly religious class in Europe."

Imagine these doctrines proposed to any township in the United States for their acceptance! Imagine the farmers of the West and East, the mechanics and tradespeople of all sorts, asked to give up their lands, their tools, and their savings, to be managed by a committee to be appointed by Mr. Phillips, Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, and Mr. E. H. Hayward, for the general good! Putting entirely out of sight the necessary abolition of all forms of religious faith and worship, the bare bringing together of these ideas shows the absurdity of any prevalence of socialism in the United States. There is no population here on which to act. The proportion of persons who literally live from hand to mouth, and which answers to the proletary class of Europe, is very small, when compared with the whole body of the people; and is confined almost entirely to the great cities, and the cities do not yet govern the country. The abolition of classes is one of the avowed objects of the International. We have abolished them so long ago that we cannot remember that they ever existed. The middle classes, or *bourgeoisie*, are the chief objects of the hatred and the assaults of the International. But we are all middle class, we are all *bourgeois*. Every man seeks to improve his condition; to lay by savings, which constitutes capital; to use it at at once for his benefit and that of his poorer neighbors, by employing them. The healthy stimulus of free labor, with the world open before it, with no artificial obstacles in the way of improving the condition of the industrious man and that of his children, too thoroughly permeates the American people, and is urging them forward to unexampled prosperity too surely, to be abandoned for any theories of idealists. The American people will accept practical ideas of European Communists when they have adopted their theoretical ones. Such as, "We will have no more religions, for religions stifle intelligence," as M. Duponts, president of the Brussels Congress, declared; or, "The Bible is a code of immorality," as M. Murat opines; or, "God has had his turn, and that's enough"—*à bon Dieu a eu son temps, en voilà assez!*" according to M. Varlin, the head of the Paris International. These abstract and practical doctrines make up the "*solidarity*," to use one of their own terms, of the faith of the Communists of the International, which it is the logical tendency of Mr. Phillips's preaching to induce the laboring classes to adopt. We see already that the natural logic of their common sense has begun to resist the seduction of his rhetoric; and we are sure that it will go on and do its perfect work.

CORRUPTION OR HONESTY—WHICH WINS?

WE all know what Cardinal Wolsey said about it, in the lucid interval between his downfall and his death. But it is hard for some of us to accept his conclusion. "Wolsey," we are inclined to say, "was a played-out courtier, a gambler in the game of statecraft, who had lost his last throw. *His* views of life were blurred, of course, by the cloud that had settled upon his fortunes. As the world looks to us, it is by no means clear that

"'Corruption wins not more than honesty.'

Rascality seems to thrive in most quarters; the men who get on fastest are the men who are least scrupulous. Doubtless, it is best to be honest for honesty's sake; but if one wants to succeed, that is not the way."

In ordinary times such bitter skepticism as this may be heard in offices and counting-rooms all over the land. Young men, just starting in the race of life, see the knaves carrying off many of the best prizes; and they learn to distrust and finally to discard the ethical maxims which they learned in their childhood, and by which they were taught that in the strife between honesty and corruption honesty was always sure to win. It must be confessed that there are periods of history in which this *ethical skepticism seems* a hard thing to answer. So swift and splendid is the progress of villainy, so tardy and impotent are the retributions that should follow it, so craven and faithless are honest men, that it is difficult to answer the cavils of those who insist that honesty does not pay. Yet a little patience always unravels this perplexity. Retribution is tardy; but it is apt to overtake the offender even in this life. To the wicked—whose prosperity has been the grief of some and the snare of many, whose eyes stand out with fatness and who have more than heart could wish—the day of doom is very sure to come. Then how clear and pertinent seem the words of the inspired poet:

> "Surely thou didst sit them in slippery places,
> Thou castedst them down into destruction:
> How are they brought into desolation as in a moment!
> They are utterly consumed with terrors,
> As a dream when one awaketh;
> So, O Lord, when Thou awakest,
> Thou shalt despise their image."

There is need that the moral foundations on which the universe is built should be uncovered now and then. It is well that the right should be vindicated; and that scoffers should be shown, in a demonstration they cannot dispute, that there is no profit in wrong-doing. These retributive forces are working under the surface all the while, and a fine discernment easily marks their certain movement; but the gross, unspiritual sense needs to be quickened occasionally by some startling evidence of their presence and power.

Such a proof we have had in the downfall of the Tammany Ring, and its confederate iniquities. How many young men have been fooled by the success of these corrupt and treacherous officials! How many weak eyes have been dazzled by their tawdry splendors! How many unsteady feet have followed them, seeking gain and power in the ways of falsehood and injustice! To these misguided youth their destruction must have brought an impressive lesson. A few months ago they had uncounted wealth and unlimited power; and, if the respect of honorable men was wanting, yet even that, it might have been said, must at length be conceded to such unquestioned greatness. Where are they now? Their power is wholly gone; their gains they are hiding from the pursuit of justice; instead of the respect that they might have hoped for, there has come to them a contempt so deep and universal, a loathing and scorn so utter, that their names will go down to posterity loaded with disgrace. From this ignominy it is impossible that they should ever escape. Their doom is certain and irrevocable; and history will not lift a single stone from the pile under which their good name is buried, as in a felon's tomb.

Granting that they escape the legal penalties due them for their crimes; granting that they keep their liberty and a part, at least, of their booty—both which suppositions are, we trust, unlikely to be realized; still, their case will be by no means an enviable one. Cain kept his liberty, and was not deprived of his possessions; but a mark was set upon him, and he was a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth, crying out, as he fled from the sight of familiar faces: "My punishment is greater than I can bear." These plunderers of ours may not be aware that a fate like this is before them; but they will find it out in due time.

Where now is the young man of high ambition who would consent to take all the money now in the possession of either of them, if he must take along with it the shame and scorn which is their unfailing portion? Take the case of Sweeny. It is said that he has not directly participated in the crimes of Tweed, and that no legal retribution can overtake him. Some of the newspapers have been engaged since his resignation in a pitiful attempt to whitewash his reputation; but whose mind is affected by these apologies? Who does not know that Peter B. Sweeny is an utterly ruined man? Who does not believe that he has profited by crime, if he has not practiced it? that he has joined hands with transgressors, and shielded them from detection, and used them to accomplish his purposes, if he has not himself had a hand in their worst transgressions? Does anybody suppose that this fact will ever be forgotten, or that it will be possible for this great political conjurer ever to appear again upon the surface of politics? Does anybody imagine that anything more will ever be known of him, except this one fact: that he was part and parcel of the worst conspiracy against liberty and law that this country has seen?

The same must be said of Hall. What is claimed for Sweeny may be true of him. It may be impossible to convict him of crime. But that he is a partaker in the crimes of the rest, and that for selfish reasons he consented to their crimes, and plotted to profit by them, no one can doubt. And, this being true, he deserves the infamy that he is sure to get.

Where now is the young man, we ask again, who would take all the money of both Sweeney and Hall (for they have nothing left but money—power, honor, opportunity, all are gone) and stand in the shoes of either of them? Is not the retribution that has at length overtaken them real and terrible? Does not their history most signally vindicate the truth of Cardinal Wolsey's saying?

Lay it to heart, young man! When blind leaders tell you that success is in the ways of the wrong-doers, let them go into that ditch, if they will; but do not you follow them. It is God who rules this universe, and not the Devil. The Devil is the supreme fraud. He will take you often, where he took our Master, to an exceeding high mountain of ambition, and show you all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, saying: "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me!" But the Devil lies. The goods he promises are not his, and he cannot deliver them. He will let you hold the bauble, may be, for a little while; but he will snatch it from you at length, and drag you in the mire, and laugh at your calamity. Don't worship the Devil, young man. He is the god of the Ring, and of all who believe that corruption wins more than honesty; but their fate may teach you how unsafe it is to trust his promises, and how foolish it is to put your destiny into his hands.

GOOD STONES FROM A GLASS HOUSE.

WE welcomed the throwing of stones from the Glass Palace in Munich last month. The old proverb seemed ludicrously reversed, and yet did not lose all its significance, either; for, though the brave Döllinger and his comrades leave that Glass Palace, they are still in sad glass houses of their own. Much as we admire their courage, and respect them for having had the insight to see and the daring to declare that the doctrine of Infallibility is an absurdity, we still find them far from free, far from enlightened. The progress they have made is the very thing which makes us impatient of their standing still where they are. They will be pelted with sharp stoning by both friends and enemies, if they do not take care.

But, if the friends of special religion are wise, they will welcome the movement with open arms and hands and voices. Let them keep to their masses, if they like. Let them believe in transubstantiation, and preach it, if they want to. Let them believe in almost anything, and preach almost anything, so long as they will stay in the Roman Catholic Church; and, disbelieving in the doctrine of the Papal infallibility, preach against it! It is as true in ecclesiastical circles as in villages, in kingdoms as in families, that the foe in the household is the foe to be dreaded. The greater the apparent allegiance—nay, the greater the real allegiance, up to a certain point—the more powerful the opposition. A city attacked by hosts with battering-rams may withstand its enemies. A city undermined—a city whose chief magistrates sympathize with its assailants, in even so much as one point—is lost.

Change of faith in individuals, in communities, in churches is not often wrought by recognized presentations of the opposite belief. It comes gradually, with small antagonism—slow divergence, but mighty ratio.

Truth does not work by *coups d'état*. She evolves, she builds, she waits for the hours to mature. Hence her kingdom is not overthrown.

The Lord may be known not by the storm or the whirlwind, but by the still small voice.

The existence within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church of a body of men, like Döllinger, Schulte, Friedrich, Huber, Michelis, Reinkens, and Père Hyacinthe, who stoutly refuse to be anything *but* Roman Catholics, and recognize no ecclesiastical right in any man to say that they are *not* Roman Catholics, but who will fight Jesuitism and Jesuits to the death, and who beard the Pope to his very face, with indomitable refusals of his jurisdiction—the existence of this body of men is the most glorious thing since the days of Luther. It is a better thing than the days of Luther. Better because it is three hundred years further on, three hundred years nearer the ultimate triumph of freedom.

The Munich Congress is only the natural sequence of the Vatican Council; the predestined because inevitable next step, as much a fixed fact as any in material embryology. The only reason that we, looking forward, cannot predict the precise date on which the fulfillment must come is because of our ignorance. Each giant truth is born of just so much travail. Earth completes her days.

Meantime, hail to all human beings, all created things that help the birth!

THE CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

IT is no strange thing for the Congregational churches of this country to take a new departure. They are never in equilibrium. They are all the time pressing very hard against their banks, bursting out in some new spot, and overflowing some fresh territory. Congregationalism is all the time modifying itself. It has worked through an old-fashioned eldership; and it has given it up. It used to affiliate its churches only in a loose way through its purely ministerial associations; and it has within a few years exchanged these for delegated bodies, representing the churches, and called conferences or associations, according as they are bodies Eastern or Western. The meeting now in session at Oberlin has taken yet another step in uniting all these state and local bodies into a grand general National Council of the Congregational Churches.

Scarce had the plan been suggested before the Presbyterians began to utter the cry, "Thou art become altogether like one of us." It really looked like it. The Presbyterian order was church, session, presbytery, synod, General Assembly. The new Congregational order now completed is church, church committee, local conference, state association, National Council. The resemblance is really striking and close.

But it is only superficial and geographical. All these new organizations are simply advisory. They claim no power. They confer; they may recommend, and their recommendations, if unanimous, will carry considerable weight. But they do not carry one whit of power. A church may utterly reject them without injuring its standing. A Congregational benevolent society may refuse to follow its advice, and has a right to do so, and to appeal to the churches. It will be just as regular as it was before. The National Council can do precisely what a state or county association can do—recommend what it pleases to the churches, and then leave them to do what they please. The Congregational churches are almost morbidly jealous of their independence, and no delegated body would dare to dictate to them.

It is too early to forecast whether this step forward will amount to much. We do not yet know how bravely the Council will meet its duties. As an advisory body can settle nothing, the danger is that it will find no business to do; that it will hear from the secretaries of its benevolent societies, express approval, glorify itself and its work, kiss its Plymouth blarney stone, talk platitudes, and adjourn, without having done anything. On the other hand, there is the alternate danger that, having nothing to do, it will do mischief; that it will attempt to control and direct the societies which are utterly independent of it. The indications thus far are that the Council will escape both of these dangers. There seems to be a desire to open every subject of importance and give it a searching examination.

The work of the first week was largely technical. Three days were spent in the preliminary labor of adopting a constitution and perfecting an organization. The Council did not get fairly at work before Saturday, and later than that we have as yet no full reports. The name chosen is not a bad one, and objectionable only because it is applied to councils called for the advice of local churches. On the other hand, it has the advantage of being a distinctive name, unappropriated by any other Protestant body. It would have been little short of theft to steal the name of Conference from the Methodists, if their immense numerical superiority had not made the attempt ridiculous. The name Association seemed to some to have a purely clerical flavor; while that of Congregational Union, by far the best, because it is that which has already been in use by the Congregational bodies of Great Britain and all its colonies, would no doubt have been adopted but for the unfortunate circumstance that a benevolent society has already appropriated that designation.

As we write, no work has yet been done, except to endorse the Congregational Publishing Society. It is an ambitious body; and its secretary, Dr. W. Barrows, was perfectly successful in persuading the Council that it was needed. We have heard no doubt expressed that it is as well managed as any publication society need to be. But we are sorry to see this denomination so unreservedly endorse the policy which the Publishing Society carries out. Having got a king—or, at least, a supreme national body—like the nations round about them, the Congregationalists seem ready to go the extreme of imitation by establishing a large publishing house, which shall be analogous to the Methodist Book Concern and the Presbyterian Board of Publication. If they would confine themselves to publishing those denominational treatises of limited sale, for which a small society like the Early English Text Society of England would be adequate, we should find no fault; but at this late day, when a score of private publishers are ready to do nine-tenths of the business of this Society, when it can get the manuscript of a Sunday-school book or of Professor Park's "Theology" only by competing with private firms, it is no time for Congregationalists to adopt such a very cumbrous way of supplying the public with the few distinctively sectarian books which they ought to distribute. To float a single chip of a catechism of polity, they do not need a raft of fifty tracts and half a hundred Sunday-school story books.

The spirit of Oberlin has seemed thus far to rest on the Council. The reverence expressed for the venerable Mr. Finney has been touching; and the eagerness with which the body listened to his earnest appeals that they should seek the anointing of the Holy Ghost promises hopefully for the spirit which the delegates will bring back to their several churches.

WOMAN AND WIFE.

ONE of the commonest, both speculative and practical, errors is that which divides the human soul into separate capacities—of feeling, intelligence, will, imagination, etc.—and fixes on one of these as alone concerned in or chiefly concerned in some deeply significant human experience—as, for instance, that of the passion of love. We say at once the passion of love for the purpose of repudiating in the strongest way possible the poor conceit that the highest passion of tenderness ever awakened in the breast of man is a matter of irrepressible and irresponsible feeling, which cannot be at all created at will, which cannot be resisted or denied, except at woeful loss of peace and happiness, and which neither intelligence nor resolution have any special part in.

The savage state in general human experience, and the unregenerate or undisciplined state in religious experience, are alone represented by that conception and conduct of love which are so familiar on the surface of life and of literature, and which the cheap charlatans of social discussion are accepting as a divine rule, and are using with anything but divine results. The earliest customs of the race show us the mad bound of the human animal through the forest, under the impulse of love; and the violent seizure and subjection of woman when her feet begin to decline the chase, or when they can no longer continue it. Civilization has put clothes upon the human animals; has introduced decencies of persuasion, instead of revolting violence; and has refined to the utmost the passion of the chase; but a frenzied chase love still is in the average romantic notions of the world, and even in theories which nobody suspects of being relics of low savagery. The naked savage disports himself in good society, and in good literature, where unsuspecting romance takes for granted the divine origin and urgency of the thrilling and persistent impulse of tender desire.

Far be it from us to depreciate the function of pure desire, or to propose so absurd a thing as the extinction or the needless disregard of natural impulse. The culture, which is the highest regeneration—the deep, inward renewal of our true divinity, by which our whole character becomes rooted and grounded in love, and we put on that strength of sanctity in which the son of man becomes the son of God—does not in any way withdraw us from the natural use of our life of sense and flesh. On the contrary, when there are so many ills of sense, and so much need of giving generous and tender help to infirmities of body, a true rule should especially insist on the complete acceptance of the lower along with the higher phases of human life, only taking care to completely subject the former to the latter. It is a miserable expedient which binds up sensitive women in conventual robes—mummies enameled with sanctity of countenance—instead of affording to them the natural consolations of a complete life. It is not the rejection but the regeneration of love which comes with the highest Christian elevation of character and conduct of life.

A man in the higher sense, as neither a grown-up boy nor a mere animal, is easily master of the impulses which spring up in him. He need not erase their impression; he may even keep a most sacred reminiscence of them; but he brings them under, sets a watch of good conscience and firm will over them, that they do not disturb his peace or mar his life; and, none the less for any pain they may have brought, accepts the providence of his life. Some first deep impression may long have or always have a character of its own, a sacredness not to be easily repeated; but this will not detain him either from manly submission to what is ordered, or manly obedience to what is demanded, except as sad weakness may reder him unable rightly to endure and to do. Or some new impression my strongly solicit him, may tempt him with the most heavenly promise; but not to any yielding of his fidelity, any doubt or disobedience of the ordinance of Providence.

In a thoroughly good man there is a conscientious respect for woman, sustained by a habit of trust in the over-ruling of individual lives, which can be summoned to the aid of a relation once fairly presented, and under the cover of which will grow the purest graces and deepest tenderness of happy and holy passion. He is no man in the high sense of large renewal in the spirit of the mind who cannot accommodate his fancy to his opportunity, and take some woman's hand helpfully, and by loving win the Kingdom of Heaven in wedlock. As the world is, there must be many exceptions to the rule; but the rule clearly is that bachelors are in danger of the judgment, and that on them will be the burden of proof when from the wives that might have been shall come the too true complaint, "They did not visit us." If human brotherhood, good-will to man, faith working by love mean anything at all to the purpose, they mean, with due respect to proper exceptions, Christian marriage. If it is still generally assumed that marriage is a pleasure or privilege merely, and that no high law of duty directs to it, it is because the natural man, the old Adam, the wild savage, still dictates the current conception on the subject. There could not be a more utter makeshift of human conceit than celibacy as a means of grace, nor a more unregenerate conception than of marriage as a mere pleasure.

If anything like this be true of the general relation of manhood to womanhood, how much more must it be true that to the particular relation, once established, a true man will bring a profound appreciation of woman, unfailing sympathy with womanly offices, and unwearied resolution of tender consideration, quick and strong enough to work all miracles of creation, or resurrection, or providence, as if here indeed God dwelt in him! How will not such a man bend his knees unto the Father, that he may be strengthened by the Spirit in the inner man, and may be rooted and grounded in love, being filled with all the fullness of God! And, so doing, he cannot depart from his very true covenant, neither in form nor in fact, so long as any opportunity to fulfill it remains. If he depart from it in form, it will only be when desertion is complete. And, in fact, he never can depart from the power to forgive, to hold on patiently and tenderly, and with uttermost resolution to give as God gives to him. All glories of the ideal will attend his devotion, though it be through deep and dark humiliation; and to the woman who became wife to his desire he will easily lend the utmost cover and shield of honor which divine love, within limitations of human infirmity, knows how to provide. Such is the only possible result of using Christian principle in this matter.

We speak of but one aspect of the relation of man to woman—that of his just devotion to her in wedlock. Other most imporiant phases of the subject equally demand consideration; but it is in this one especially that the departure from truth is most significant and harmful. Even motherhood can suffer only in part if wifehood is duly respected. And failure to give the wife her due honor, to make manly tenderness both ready and faithful, is the most woeful failure into which we can be betrayed. That marriage is the natural sphere of woman in a merely formal sense need not be asserted; but that womanhood does naturally demand, wherever marriage does exist, its utmost truth, and that it is to true marriage that true womanhood most perfectly responds, should not be matter of question for a moment. A movement of woman away from this womanly office can only be a sorrow and a shame unto her, if it be not a dire necessity of most unjust dealing of man with her. In nothing more than in the security and happiness of her destiny to this lot can the nature of woman most happily unfold. No new song of angels breaking from the heaven over us, could be more full of divine promise than that which should announce among men more manly good-will to woman, a fresh revelation in the masculine imagination and conscience of the pure law of love and honor. It comes slowly to view how much this law demands, and how sacred it is; but still we wait for the coming of the kingdom.

Editorial Notes.

WE are just beginning to pick up the fragments of the great political explosion which occurred on election day. One stick came down badly shattered before the report of the explosion was heard. That stick was labeled Sweeny. During the last week there has been quite a shower of rotten timber. Connolly came down first, then Fields, then Dillon—both these last being Park Commissioners. Judge Hilton had before resigned, so that Mr. Andrew H. Green is now the sole remaining member of the Park Commission. Mr. Green has also been advanced by Mayor Hall from the office of Deputy Comptroller to that of Comptroller; so that the money of the city, what there is left of it, is now in the hands of an honest man. Tweed has not yet fallen, and insists that he has not gone up; perhaps it may need a different sort of blast to hoist him. Mr. O'Conor is said to have expressed his opinion that there are legal obstacles in the way of the conviction of Tweed. We do not know how much foundation the rumor may have; but, if it is true that Mr. O'Conor has expressed such an opinion, Mr. Tweed goes out of this country the better for him.

No great iniquity like the Tammany Ring can be overthrown without crushing many innocent persons by its fall. The savings banks in this city which were under the management or patronage of Mr. Tweed and his clansmen are beginning to topple over, and the prospect is that many laboring men and mechanics, who had invested their small gains in these institutions, will suffer loss. We are sorry for them; but it will teach some of them to put less faith in the honesty of demagogues like Tweed, who loudly advertise themselves as "the poor man's friends." These poor men, many of whom were such devoted partisans of "the Boss," have been heavily taxed every year to rear his colossal fortunes; but to this indirect robbery they were blind. A few soft words about election time, and an ostentatious gift at Christmas to the poor, would make them wholly oblivious to the frauds by which the taxes were enormously increased, and rents and provisions were made dearer. Such a crash as this which brings the rascality of their corrupt leaders right home to them will be likely to open their eyes. Hereafter, we trust, they will be a little more chary of their political confidences.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the following singular statement contained in a dispatch from Washington:

"The Solicitor of the Treasury, in a response to an inquiry to the district attorney of the Western District of Arkansas, respecting the accountability of the 'Creek Negroes' *held in bondage by the Creek Indians*, to the laws of the United States, replies that they must be held indictable for all offenses committed in the Indian Territory, and prosecuted with the same vigor as like violations committed by other races."

The Constitution of the United States, being the supreme law of the land, must, of course, be in force in all the territories; and it would seem that the Fourteenth Amendment should have had the effect to abolish slavery among the Indian tribes, as well as among the whites. It results, however, from our traditional policy of dealing with these tribes as separate nations that the "domestic institutions" of the Red Men have not been interfered with by the law which has destroyed slavery in other parts of the land. This state of things is somewhat anomalous, and needs looking into. The Englishman boasts that "slaves cannot breathe in England"; and it is a pity that Americans cannot say the same thing. Moreover, it is a little queer that our laws should protect Indians in the commission of crimes for which white men are punished.

THERE is no longer any room to doubt the report of the fate of Fred W. Loring. A letter to the San Francisco *Alta*, from Wickenburg, Arizona, Nov. 6, brings the following circumstantial evidence:

"The United States mail-coach was attacked, at 10 o'clock yesterday morning by robbers, about nine miles from this place, on the road to California. They killed six men and wounded one man and woman, probably both fatally. They plundered the baggage and mails and killed one horse. All the passengers were either killed or wounded, and the news only reached here at midnight. Everything is excitement. Parties went out and brought in the bodies of the dead men, with the scattered mails and baggage. The wounded are here and cared for. I think Loring and Hammel were of Lieut. Wheeler's expedition."

Another dispatch from Arizona gives the names of the passengers killed, and among them that of "Fred H. Loring." The initial is wrong, but there can be no doubt of his identity. Since our last issue we have received by mail an article from the pen of Mr. Loring, which will be found on our first page. In a note accompanying the manuscript, which was dated "Somewhere in Arizona, Oct. 16th," and which was mailed on the 20th, he says: "This lets me out until I get back to Boston. The child-wives of California are real, I am sorry to say. I think this sketch may help to limit them in the future. . . . I am in the Indian country; but, from the accounts of the last papers I have seen, I judge I am safer than in the East. I am in splendid health, but very anxious to reach home again." Another letter to the editor, dated "Fort Whipple, Arizona, Oct. 31st," closes with the words: "In three days from now I start for San Francisco." The jocose description of himself, which will be found in the article, and the reference to his comparative safety among the savages of the West, we shall hardly grow merry over when we think of what has happened since they were written. The sketch published in *Appleton's Journal*, entitled "Into the Valley of Death," which has been referred to as his last production, was written last August. The article in this week's INDEPENDENT, which was mailed only six days before his death, was undoubtedly his last work. He was the son of Mr. David Loring, of Boston, and was a graduate last year of Harvard College. Though but twenty-two years of age, his name had found a place among the favorite contributors of many of the best newspapers and magazines, and two volumes of his writings—the one a collection of poems, entitled "The Boston Dip and Other Verses," and the other a story, first given to the public as a serial in *Old and New*—had been published. His journey to the West grew out of an engagement with *Appleton's Journal* to accompany the United States Exploring Expedition to the Colorado River, under Lieutenant Wheeler. Mr. Loring was not the famous stroke oar of the Harvard crew, as the *Evening Post* stated; nor was he the author of the "Life of Jefferson S. Balkins," as some of the other newspapers have said. His last note to us was written to contradict this last report. It is sad to chronicle the sudden termination of a life so full of promise; but the many friends who had been charmed by the sprightliness and grace of his writings, as well as the smaller circle who knew him better, and who had learned to respect his manly qualities, will ever hold his name in dear remembrance.

THE Collegiate Dutch church, in this city, has afforded hitherto the most remarkable instance of "traveling elders" that we know of—one quite rivaling in this state a denomination the circuit-riders of backwoods Methodism. This Collegiate church, like Trinity, had the misfortune some generations ago to be the victim of misguided benevolence, which supposed that it would be an act of kindness to the generations to come if they were relieved of the necessity of supporting the Gospel. The property given to the church has so increased in value that it has been possible to build edifices for four regular congregations and for several missions. These four churches did not have their several pastors; but, by alternation, of service enjoyed the successive ministration of the four. As we understand it, each undivided pastor preached one Sabbath forenoon at one church, in the afternoon at the next, the next Sabbath morning at the third, and on that afternoon at the fourth, thus chasing each other round the circle. When Dr. Ormiston was called to associate pastor, he stipulated that he should preach every Sabbath morning at the same church—having, perhaps, some Presbyterian prejudices against Methodist churchmanship. But he was compelled to yield so far as to give his afternoons to other congregations. He soon found that his large morning congregations did not attend in the afternoon, and he introduced an evening service, thus preaching in the ordinary Christian manner to his regular Fifth-Avenue congregation, and riding his circuit in the afternoon. This tripe labor he has found too severe; and this winter he confines himself to a single parish. We should not be surprised if the old Collegiate church should find this a good opportunity to give up entirely its antiquated and utterly absurd system of city itinerancy.

DEMOSTHENES used to speak with a pebble in his mouth on the shore of the many-sounding sea; but, if we may believe all we hear, he is practicing now with a mouthful of dirt. The *seance* at Steinway Hall, on Monday evening last, at which the distinguished Greek, "hiding under a woman's gown," held forth to a rabble more boisterous than the waves, on the subject of Free Love, was certainly one of the dirtiest meetings that has ever been held in New York. There is very little to regret, however, in the demonstrations of these apostles of filth, for the more publicity this will turn the stomachs of all to whom filth is not the natural food, and will make the public aversion to their doctrines and their practices as strong as it ought to be.

THE Jarves collection of old Italian paintings was sold in New Haven on the 9th inst. to Yale College, for the sum of $32,000. This inadequate payment shows anew that "a prophet is without honor save in his own country." To add to the disappointment that the persevering collector must have felt at seeing his pictures go for a third of their value, the sale was made the occasion for a malignant attack, in one of the daily papers of this city, upon the personal character of Mr. Jarves. We who knew him for years before his wanton assailant ever penned a line upon art, know also his absolute integrity as a collector of pictures and as a connoisseur. Mr. Jarves does not need our praise, nor does his reputation suffer from such censure as that which we have mentioned. Mr. Jarves has had, indeed, a hard experience. New Haven has taken from him his purse, and now New York endeavors to steal his good name. Benefactors have suffered in a similar way since the beginning of the world. But America is richer for the labors of Mr. Jarves—rich where she was a pauper before; and we owe him at the least the duty of hearty recognition and thanks for what he has done.

THERE is another crisis in Spain. This time it is about the maintenance of the church by the state. In the recent revolution the treasures of the churches were seized, the pay of the clergy was stopped, civil marriages were made legal, and in other ways the ecclesiastical powers were severely handled. Now the government is asked for indemnity; and it responds with a proposition to pay one-third of the whole amount due to the church, leaving the rest to be made up by the provincial assemblies and the town councils. The Ultramontanes will have no bread rather than the third of a loaf;

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....We are glad to learn that the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, which was among the newspapers that suffered in the great fire, will in two weeks be released from Chicago, in new type and dress and as large as before. The *Western Christian Advocate*, published in Cincinnati, by the same firm, is now furnished to the subscribers of the *Northwestern*.

....The Grand Duke has arrived; and as we write (on Tuesday) Broadway, dressed in its best bunting, is waiting, agape with expectation, for the great parade in his honor. The sales are very fair, and the sovereign people will give to this princely guest such a cordial welcome as is due to the son of a monarch who was their friend in need.

....Mr. Murphy has resigned his office as Collector of the Port of New York, and Gen Chester A. Arthur, who is said to be his personal friend, has been named as his successor. In his letter accepting the resignation of Mr Murphy the President gives a strong expression of his confidence in his integrity and efficiency as a public officer.

....The Rev. Father Hecker lectured at St Stephen's church in this city, on Sunday evening last, on the question: "Who shall take care of the Poor, the Church or State?" The Rev. Father seemed to think that it was the business of the Church. We presume that, if his church wishes to take care of its own poor, the state will make no objections.

....We print on the 6th page of this issue a narrative of the loss of the whaling fleet in the Arctic seas, condensed from a journal kept by the wife of the captain of one of the ships.

Religious Intelligence.

THE National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States is still in session at Oberlin, O., as we go to press. Hitherto occasional national gatherings have been held, but none that should meet at regular times. The desire to have a national organization, which should embrace the state bodies and hold meetings at regular periods, has led at last to a call for a meeting to take into consideration the advisability of organizing such a national body. Delegates had been appointed by local associations and conferences, and an imposing body of 283 delegates met on Wednesday afternoon of last week at Oberlin. Among these delegates were included a very large number of the leading pastors and laymen of the denomination, although the absence was marked of Henry Ward Beecher, whom another engagement prevented from attending; Dr. J. P. Thompson, who was just starting for Europe; and Dr. R. S. Storrs, Jr., who was out of the country. Under the temporary chairmanship of Hon. E. D. Holton, of Wisconsin, the body spent two days in adopting a constitution, the principal differences of opinion being in reference to an article on the Confession of Faith, which was left in a much less distinctively denominational form than was first proposed; also, in reference to admission of representatives of theological seminaries and Congregational societies as speaking but not voting members, which was decided in their favor; and also in reference to the name of the organization. After a sharp discussion the expressed preference of a majority of the delegates for the name of "Conference," was yielded in favor of "Council," in deference to the desire of the Western delegates, who insisted that it would be both wrong and unwise to take the name which was appropriated by and generally conceded to the Methodists. It was also suggested that this name of "Conference" was that adopted by the Unitarians. The names "Association" and "Union" also received considerable favor; the objection to the first being that in the East it is generally applied to a body of clergymen, and the objection to the latter being that, although Canadian and British Congregationalists call their general bodies by the name of "Congregational Union," that title has, unfortunately, been pre-empted by a benevolent society. The name "National Council" was finally adopted, as one that would be entirely distinctive, and that would suggest the advisory character of the body. The constitution as adopted is as follows:

"The Congregational Churches of the United States, by elders and messengers assembled, do now associate themselves in National Council,

"To express and foster their substantial unity in doctrine, polity, and work; and

"To consult upon like common interests of all the churches, their duties in the work of evangelization, the united development of their resources, and their relations to all parts of the Kingdom of Christ.

"They agree in belief that the Holy Scriptures are the sufficient and only infallible rule of religious faith and practice; their interpretation thereof being in substantial accordance with the great doctrines of the Christian faith, commonly called evangelical, held in our churches from the early times, and sufficiently set forth by former councils.

"They agree in the belief that the right of government resides in local churches or congregations of believers, who are responsible directly to the Lord Jesus Christ, the one head of the church universal and of all particular churches; but that all churches, being in communion one with another as parts of Christ's Catholic Church, have mutual duties subsisting in the obligations of fellowship.

"The churches, therefore, while establishing this National Council for the furtherance of the common interests and work of all the churches, do maintain the scriptural and inalienable right of each church to self-government and administration; and this National Council shall never exercise legislative or judicial authority, nor consent to act as a council of reference.

"And, for the convenience of orderly consultation, they establish the following rules:

"SESSIONS.

"The churches will meet in National Council every third year. They shall also be convened in special sessions whenever any five of the general state organizations shall so request.

"The churches shall be represented at each session by delegates, either ministers or laymen, appointed in number and manner as follows:

"(1.) The churches assembled in their local conferences appoint one delegate for every ten churches in their respective organizations, and one for a fraction of ten greater than one-half; it being understood that, wherever the churches of any state are directly united in a general organization, they may, at their option, appoint the delegates in such body, instead of in local organization, but in the above ratio of churches so united.

"(2.) In addition to the above, the churches united in general state organization appoint for intelligent young women in situations suited to their tastes and abilities." There is also a fine needlework department, through which respectable and needy sewing women may find market for their work, as well as a training-class for sewing-machine operators and a dressmaking department. The effort which these young ladies are making to befriend and help poor girls in this city deserves and we trust will have the sympathy and assistance of all Christian people. There can be no worthier charity.

....A Congregational minister in Connecticut," who is said to have long acquaintance among the churches of that state, and who is evidently a sensible man, being asked whether it is customary for the women to vote in church meetings, made the following reply:

"In church meetings for the transaction of some of the most important business, such as the calling of a pastor or election of other officers, ladies are not usually present. In meetings at which they are present, as they usually are when the admission or dismissal of members is brought before the church, or delegates are appointed to other ecclesiastical bodies, the practice seems to vary in different churches. In some the women vote, while in others they do not; in others still a few will do so, while the majority withhold any action. I suppose strict Congregationalism would silence their voices and keep down their hands; but I cannot see that the teachings of Scripture require this, and especially in cases in which they are largely in the majority, as in many Western churches. I think it would be according to the spirit, if not the letter, of our order to allow them to vote upon any questions which come up for the decision of the church. 'Woman's rights' in the church are frequently discussed in meetings of ministers in this state and in our religious periodicals; but no conclusion has been arrived at which is universally accepted, though there seems to be a growing disposition to allow them the vote."

The "strict Congregationalism" which discourages the presence and forbids the voting of women in church meetings is an anachronism of the most stupid sort and ought to be abolished.

....The old project, renewed in every generation, of leading the scattered children of Israel back to Palestine, and establishing a Jewish kingdom there, is on foot once more in Frankfort, Germany. A small knot of rabbis have contrived the plan, and have circulated a large number of printed invitations to join in the undertaking; and, if we may credit the report of newspapers friendly to Judaism, influential moneyed men in the old imperial capital—the headquarters of German Jews—have given it their substantial support. The originators endeavor to prove that the undertaking is by no means so impracticable as it at first sight seems, and remind their fellow-creedsmen that it is what they pray for three or four times every day. Moreover, they interpret the Bible passage, "Return to Me, and I will return to you," as meaning literally that on the Jews returning to Jerusalem, the Lord, and with him prosperity, will return to them. It is not at all likely that the shrewd and thrifty bankers and traders of the Israelites will accept this interpretation. They have already learned that prosperity is to be found in other lands, and their views of prophecy have been greatly modified within the last century.

....The Rev. Henry Oliver, in his speech before the Congregational Union at Swansea, Wales, on "What Nonconformity had done for Wales," stated that in the year 1742 there were but 110 Dissenting chapels in the principality; in 1775 that number had increased to 171; in 1810, to 936; in 1861, to 2,927; in 1866, to 3,107. "The great weakness of nonconformity in our country," he said, "is our divisions and the jealousy that exists between the various denominations. Now there are three denominations especially—the Calvinistic Methodists, the Baptists, and the Independents—that hold precisely the same doctrinal tenets. I have heard ministers from all these denominations preach frequently; and I can perceive no appreciable difference in their doctrine, and everything should be done to produce unity and co-operation between these various denominations."

....We recently published a comparative statement of the benevolent contributions of four denominations—the Baptist, the Methodist, the Episcopal, and the Presbyterian; from which it appeared that the last-named body had given $3.17 a year for each churchmember, a much larger amount than either of the others. A correspondent of the *Intelligencer* (Dutch Reformed) shows that that denomination has in this country 63,483 communicants, and that their benevolent contributions for the last year amounted to $326,039—an average of $5.21 for each member. In their memorial year the Presbyterians gave $5.40 each; but the Reformed expect to double that in their centennial year.

....That most Christian society, the Home for the Friendless, will celebrate this year, as always, its Thanksgiving by a public reception during the day and evening, at which the children themselves will entertain with appropriate exercises, and a dinner at one o'clock, at which they will be entertained. The eleven industrial schools connected with the Home will also be provided with Thanksgiving dinners. Supplies for the dinners, provisions for the winter, or garments of any kind for children or adults, will be received at the Home, 29 E. 29th st., with the thanks of the managers, the gratitude of the children, and the praise of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

....A majority of the members of the Methodist Protestant Church at Hopewell, Va., went over to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and attempted to transfer their church property to that denomination; but Judge Wingfield decided that the minority had the right to hold the property. Such of the trustees as had dissolved their connection with the Methodist Protestant Church were removed from the board, and their places were filled with new members, who are to hold the property for the use and benefit of the members of the Methodist Protestant Church.

...."Greenland's icy mountains," about which we sing in the monthly concert, are far from being the abodes of heathenism. About half of the population of Greenland belong to the Lutheran communion, and the whole country is well supplied with churches, pastors, and catechists. At Jacobshaven and Grothaab there are seminaries for the education of young men for the ministry. The salaries of clergymen range from $800 to $1,400, which is better than the average in this country.

Publisher's Department.

CHAPPED hands, face, and all roughness of the skin certainly cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, prepared by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It surpasses all other remedies, as it will prevent roughness of the skin if used during cold weather. It is conveniently applied avoiding all the troubles of the greasy compounds now in use. It can be used by ladies with the most tender skin, without irritation or pain, making it soft and clear. Sold by druggists generally.

RAILROAD TRAFFIC AND EARNINGS.

GENERAL J. R. HAWLEY, late Governor of Connecticut, has, during the present year, personally visited and carefully studied the belt of country traversed by the first thousand miles of the Northern Pacific Railroad—its climate, its people, its soil and general resources; and the following editorial article, which, unsolicited, recently appeared in his paper, the Hartford *Courant*, is his candid estimate of the financial future of this great continental road:

"A GOOD SHOWING.—The net earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad from January 1st to July 31st, 1871, as reported by the financial agents, were $3,078,788. Should the business for the remaining five months be proportionately large, the net earnings for the entire year would be $5,563,630.64. The construction of the first 1,000 miles of the Northern Pacific Railroad, a liberal allowance being made for all contingencies, will not exceed $30,000,000—$30,000 per mile.

"A volume of business over this 1,000 miles equal to that which is reported for the 1,000 miles of the Union Pacific would yield a net return of 12 per cent. on the investment, leaving a net profit of over 4½ per cent., after paying the interest on the company's bonds. In its first 1,000 miles the Northern Pacific Road will pass through the best wheat-growing region in the world—of vast extent and great fertility. It will run along the rich garden-lands of the valleys of the Red River of the North, the Missouri, and the Yellowstone. The products of the wide and fertile regions of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan will find their way to market over its rails, and the rapidly increasing volume of mining business already existing in Montana will inevitably accept of the facilities the road will afford. The excellence of the country and the rapidity with which it is filling with immigrants give promise of a local business whose figures alone will rival the showing made above. And, when to this is added the great through traffic of the world, there is left no room to doubt that the Northern Pacific will, from the start, perform in its field as grand a work as is now being done by its more southern neighbor.

"Were there, then, nothing but the business of the road upon which to depend, its projectors might reasonably hope for a paying return; but behind and supporting all is the immense grant of 50,000,000 acres of land. These lands are not irreclaimable waste places, but are mainly fertile plains and rich valleys, well watered and lying in the midst of a temperate climate.

"Under the provisions of the mortgage the proceeds of sales of land must be applied to the repurchase and cancellation of the bonds. Thus this superb estate will prove a source of constant revenue, which must be held sacred for the benefit of the bondholders."

The *Courant*, to render its prediction safe beyond question, only claims for the Northern Pacific Road, at the outset, a traffic, per mile of track, equal to that of the Union Pacific, with the same average running expense. Considering the character of the country traversed by the two lines, the vast advantages of the Northern route in productive lands, rapid settlement, tributary traffic, ease of grades, and abundance of timber, fuel, and water, it is morally certain that the earnings of the Northern Road will from the beginning be much greater and its operating expenses much less than those of its Southern neighbor. The conspicuous financial success already achieved by the Union and Central Pacific Roads, in spite of immense disadvantages in cost of construction and character of country traversed, leaves no room to doubt that the Northern Pacific is to be one of the most profitable roads on the continent.

ROCKWOOD & Co. have four separate skylights for photographing. Hence no delay to sitters. 845 Broadway.

Burlington, was adopted by the Council. It expressed the desire of the Congregational churches, while maintaining their distinctive faith and polity, to co-operate harmoniously with all other Christians in extending the one Church of Christ. A resolution to endorse the Congregational Publication Society was somewhat discussed on Saturday, and the Society was finally recommended by an overwhelming majority to the churches for their support. It was the evident judgment of the body that the denomination needed its book concern, and should patronize it. On Saturday afternoon the Council attended the laying of the corner-stone of a building for the theological department connected with Oberlin College. A stirring address by President Finney, on Saturday morning, on the need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit for the success of pastors in the work of Christ, gave occasion to the session on Saturday evening being entirely devoted to a meeting for prayer and conference to this end. The Council was to continue in session through part of the present week.

....We have a more extended account of the interview, mentioned last week, between Mr. Wylie, the Scotch Presbyterian divine, and Dr. Doellinger, which conversation, as reported by Mr. Wylie himself, appears to be about four parts Wylie and one part Doellinger. As the canny Scot had evidently undertaken the task of converting Dr. Doellinger to Presbyterianism, it was, perhaps, natural that he should occupy most of the time. We give a few scraps of the colloquy:

"'But,' replied Dr. Doellinger, 'I have no sympathy with your views. You Scotch Presbyterians would throw everything loose.' 'I understand your position perfectly, Dr. Doellinger,' I said. 'I am aware there is still a wide difference between us. But that does not abate my admiration of the stand you are making, and the learning and spirit with which you are supporting it. We in Scotland had too hard a battle to fight before we could throw off the yoke against which you are contending not to take the deepest interest in the struggle you are engaged in, and to wish you success in it.' 'But you don't expect me,' he replied, 'to go the length of the Presbyterians in Scotland. You are destructives. I abide by the Church. I stand on history.' 'I should not expect you,' I said, 'with your convictions, to form any other judgment of us; and it is but honest in you to speak as you have done. I do not despair of seeing you, Dr. Doellinger, and those whom you head, going further in that direction than you have yet done.' 'The length of John Knox, you hope!' 'Well, I should be delighted. But to say south I do not expect that now.' 'I am persuaded the time is come,' he replied, 'when we must abandon our policy of division, and work for the union of the Church.' 'In this at least we will agree,' I said. 'There is but one Church on earth, and how that Church is to be made one outwardly as well as inwardly I know not, unless guided as we are by the Word of God. Your Church admits the Bible to be inspired and an infallible rule; so does mine. Your Church and the Fathers to the Bible as a rule of faith; my Church rejects them. But why not come to that ground which both admit, and work for the uniting of the Church?' 'The points on which you in Scotland have split are very narrow.' 'From your standpoint, Dr. Doellinger, they must appear narrow, indeed. . . . We are endeavoring at this hour to reunify all the Presbyterian bodies in Scotland.' 'Does that include the secession?' 'It includes the secession in the first place, and mainly; but all the other Presbyterian bodies, we hope, in their order.' 'When you go back to your own country,' he said, 'tell the Scotch Presbyterians for me that there is one point in which we have all gone astray. We have divided and divided on matters of little consequence. The Church has become weak in the presence of the world; and, although my sympathies are with the Scotch Episcopalians, yet I think the Presbyterians do well to remain.'"

....Father Gavazzi has been preaching and lecturing to large audiences in London. The accounts which he gives of the evangelical work in Rome are very encouraging. The following passage from a report of his addresses which was delivered with all his characteristic eloquence, will be read with interest:

"The entry of the Gospel into Rome, after such a long banishment, was not a crisis, but a triumph of God. All attempts at reformation had been laughed at by the Pope. He would not allow buildings, after the fashion of places of worship, to be erected. You could build what churches you thought fit now—it was only a question of money; and the Gospel could be preached within the hearing and sight of the keys of the infallible Pope. Signor Gavazzi could hardly believe that Rome was the same place—the Pope still there, and he, an ex-monk, permitted to preach the Gospel within its walls. They had lately established five regular congregations in the most populous quarters of the Eternal City, two of which belong to the Free Church. After fourteen centuries of mass—and only mass—they had at last established the Lord's Supper, the first since the days of Constantine. There was a bright future before them. They had received guarantees for the security of their churches. Schools were attached to each of the churches, which were attended by more than one-half Roman Catholic children. Several parents had been brought to their churches through the instrumentality of the children. Since January last eight colporteurs had been engaged in selling the Bible in Rome. From eight to a thousand copies of the Word of God and twenty thousand copies of the Epistles were in circulation. Two thousand copies of the Testament had been sold in a neighborhood inhabited by Jews, who also formed a part of their congregations, and who previously had formed their opinions of Christianity by supposing that Popery was Christianity. The best shop in the Corso, the first street in Rome, was the depot of the London Bible Society, which could be seen from the Vatican windows."

....The Young Ladies' Christian Association of this city is an organization whose aims are excellent, and whose methods, so far as we can judge, are wise. It is composed of a large number of the young ladies of the wealthier class in this city, who have formed themselves into an association with the purpose of putting themselves into direct communication with those of their sisters who have been less fortunate, to assist them in procuring employment, and to extend to them the sympathy and help that they may need. The Association has a reception room at 64 Irving Place, where some of the members are always in waiting to welcome those who call, and where young girls out of employment may find a pleasant place of resort. A Bible-class has also been formed, which meets in the same place, and cordial invitations are extended to all young ladies not connected with other Sunday-schools to become members of it. An employment bureau has also been opened, "whose design is to secure for intelligent young women situations suited to their tastes and abilities." There is also a fine needlework department, through which respectable and needy sewing women may find market for their work, as well as a training-class for sewing-machine operators and a dressmaking department. The effort which these young ladies are making to befriend and help poor girls in this city deserves and we trust will have the sympathy and assistance of all Christian people. There can be no worthier charity.

"OFFICERS.

"The beginning of every stated or special session there shall be chosen by ballot, from those present as members, a moderator and one or more assistant moderators, to preside over its deliberations.

"At each triennial session there shall be chosen by ballot a secretary, a registrar, and a treasurer, to serve from the close of such session to the close of the next triennial session.

"The secretary shall receive communications for the Council, conduct correspondence, and collect such facts and superintend such publications as may from time to time be ordered.

"The registrar shall make and preserve the records of the proceedings of the Council; and for his aid one or more assistants shall be chosen at each session, to serve during such session.

"The treasurer shall do the work ordinarily belonging to such office.

"At each triennial session there shall be chosen a provisional committee, who shall make needful arrangements for the next triennial session, and for any session called during the interval.

"Committees shall be appointed, and in such manner, as may from time to time be ordered.

"Any member of a church in fellowship may be chosen to the office of secretary, registrar, or treasurer; and such officers as are not delegates shall have all the privileges of members, except that of voting.

"BY-LAWS.

"The Council may make and alter by-laws at any triennial session.

"AMENDMENTS.

"This constitution shall not be altered or amended, except at a triennial session, and by a two-thirds vote, notice thereof having been given at a previous triennial session, or the proposed alteration having been requested by some general state organization of churches, and published with the notification of the session."

The first evening session was occupied by a sermon by Dr. Leonard Bacon, and the second and third by addresses by representatives of the benevolent societies and others, which were reported to committees for consideration. On Friday afternoon, after the adoption of the constitution, Dr. Budington was elected moderator, and Gen. O. O. Howard and Rev. G. H. Atkinson, of Oregon, assistant moderators. A paper on the unity of the Church, substantially prepared by Dr.

INVESTING MONEY

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Government and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

WHAT PIANO SHALL WE BUY?

THIS question is argued every day, since the prospects for the musical season have opened so brightly, and, in fact, every lady is talking music. "Never buy a cheap instrument if its quality of tone is sacrificed," said an old pianist. This is good advice for all. Numerous pianos are elegant enough in external form; but it is only the instruments of a meager few makers, as we happen to know, that are worthy of a place in the parlors where the "soul of music dwells." The pianos to which our connoisseurs accord the most charms are those of George Steck & Co., in Fourteenth street. These instruments possess a peculiar sweet and sympathetic tone and unusual singing power, the result of a late invention, patented by this firm. For this reason one of their grand pianos was selected as the *first prize* at the great Saengerfest held in June last. Throughout musical circles this is justly regarded as a superlative triumph—the greater and more pointed because unsought. This voluntary public endorsement is a virtual acknowledgment that, in the opinion of the thousands of cultivated singers and accomplished musicians that came here together from various parts of the Union, Messrs. George Steck & Co. have won the palm in the art of piano-making. We record this fact for the benefit of our musical readers casting around for the best piano.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

[*From "The Insurance Times" of October, 1871.*]

WASHINGTON INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

THIS company was started in 1850, with a capital of $200,000; which was augmented in 1860 to $400,000. Its total assets the 1st inst. were $775,000, against which its liabilities by the Chicago and other fires swelled to the formidable total of $900,000, without reckoning reinsurance. Its first and only president, Geo. C. Satterlee, has been made its receiver. Its secretary, Wm. K. Lothrop, who has been a most active and efficient worker, was made secretary in 1860, and has good reason to be proud of the company's record. Since its organization it has paid in losses $1,699,727, and dividends to stockholders $820,000, being an average of 14 per cent. per annum. Its scrip, issued to participating policyholders, amounts to $390,000, interest thereon to $80,000, and redemption of same in full with interest to $131,000. This exhibit, omitting the one unparalleled feature of the great Chicago disaster, is replete with attraction to the most exacting capitalists. With the natural elasticity and enterprise of Americans the patrons of the company, reposing implicit confidence in the ability of the officers, have already commenced to form a new association, to be called the Washington Fire, with a capital of $250,000.

ROGERS'S STATUARY.

OUR readers will find by examination of the groups issued by Rogers that a high perfection of art has been attained in their production. They, in the main, represent some leading incident in our social or political history, and are peculiarly characteristic and American.

There is a blending of effect in the characters of each group always natural and life-like, and often thrilling, developing the finest perception and highest artistic effect.

These groups are sold at from ten to thirty dollars, and are appropriate for holiday presents.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. R. W. SANDERSON, Poppenhausen Institute, College Point, N. Y., has had a Wheeler & Wilson machine since February, 1859, employed, without repairs, in sewing all materials from triple beaver to Nansook (ten years in dress-making). It is now used for instructing pupils in the Institute.

DRS. STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—Open all the year for the *Treatment of Lung, Fema'e, and Chronic Diseases.* Among its appliances for the treatment of disease are the Turkish, Russian, Electro-Thermal, and Sulphur-Air Baths, Hydropathy, Vacuum-Treatment, Swedish Movement Cure, Calisthenics, etc., etc.

For full particulars send for circular.

$8.00 will pay for the Phrenological Journal and Christian Union, with a beautiful $10 pair of Oil Chromos, "WIDE AWAKE" and "FAST ASLEEP, or with "Marshall's Washington," and either of Harper's, or any other $4 publication, one year. Address all orders to S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

THE NEW YEAR.—The National Family Almanac, only twenty cents. Forty good square pages. Ever so many pictures. Valuable hints for the household. Good the year round. Buy it at the nearest news-stand; or send the money to the AMERICAN FACT SOCIETY, 117 Washington street, Boston. Special terms to canvassers.

PITTSBURGH FEMALE COLLEGE.

THOSE who desire a really first-class school for their daughters will do well to send to Rev. I. C. Pershing, D.D., Pittsburgh, Pa., for a catalogue of the Pittsburgh Female College.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects aspeedy cure. Price, $3 by mail.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $1.55 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 106 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists.

WE have used the *Wooven Wire Mattress* over two years, and found it unequaled for comfort and cleanliness. All admit their durability. They are almost indispensable to the sick. We commend them to everybody.

SARATOGA has no spring equal in medicinal qualities to the "Pavilion."

PYLE'S O K SOAP, Saleratus, and Cream Tartar are first-class household articles, and will so prove themselves on trial. Sold by all first-class grocers. Manufactured by JAMES PYLE, 350 Washington St., New York.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE for the hair takes precedence all over the United States.

NOTICES.

A PUBLIC MEETING in the interest of the higher Education of the various nationalities in the future Empire will be held on Sabbath evening, the 26th inst., in the Madison-square Presbyterian Church (Dr. Adams's). Addresses by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., president of Robert College, Constantinople, and by Rev. William Adams, D.D., Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., of this city, and the Rev. John Hall, D.D.
NEW YORK, Nov. 20th, 1871.

MARRIED.

CARPENTER—VAIL.—In Cortland, N. Y., Oct. 25th, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Chester Benton, Esq., by the Rev. A. L. Benton, of Buffalo, H. G. Carpenter, Esq., of Oberlin, Ohio, to Miss Tirza, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. F. Vail.

JAMES—WILLIAMSON.—October 11th, 1871, at the residence of Lewis Hornheimer, Esq., St. Louis, Mo., by Rev. James H. Brooks, Mr. C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Mary A. Williamson, of the former place.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

State of Missouri,
First-class County Bonds for Sale, paying OVER ELEVEN PER CENT. ON PRE INVESTMENT. Further particulars furnished on application, personally or by letter.
GWYNNE, JOHNSON & DAY,
16 Wall Street.

BEST AND CHEAPEST PLACE
IN NEW YORK TO BUY
FINE PAINTINGS, PICTURES, AND FRAMES
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AMERICAN
DENTISTRY.

The following system of constructing Artificial Dentures (devised by J. ALLEN) combines four important advantages not previously attained:

FIRST.—By means of a beautiful FLESH-COLORED ENAMEL the Teeth are garnished with an artificial gum, roof, and rugæ of the mouth (without seam or crevice), with all the delicate tints and shades peculiar to those of Nature.

SECOND.—A natural expression is given to the Teeth by arranging them either symmetrically or irregularly, as different persons may require.

THIRD.—The sunken portions of the face are restored by means of attachments or prominences, made upon the denture, of such form and size as to meet the requirements of each particular case.

FOURTH.—No metal plate or unnatural appearing substance can be seen in the mouth of the wearer when laughing, singing, or yawning.

In short, the undersigned copy from Nature in thus truthfully representing the dental organs, and restoring the natural form and expression of the mouth and face.

The following Official Reports (with corresponding Awards) from Europe and America express the relative merits of this system:

REPORT FROM THE
Paris Universal Exposition, 1867.

CLASS XI, GROUP II.

The Jury on Dentistry at the Champ de Mars report that "The specimens of CONTINUOUS GUM SETS OF TEETH, upon ENAMELED Platinum Plates, by J. ALLEN & SON, of New York, ARE INCOMPARABLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PIECES EXHIBITED."

Le Ministre,
Vice-President de la Commission Imperiale,
D. FOREADE.

PARIS, *le 1er, Juillet*, 1867.
Le Conseiller d'Etat Commissaire-Général,
F. LE PLAY.

REPORT FROM
The Judges on Dentistry,

American Institute,
NEW YORK CITY, October, 1867.

"Case No. 508, Mounted Artificial Teeth on Platinum Base, by J. ALLEN & SON, No. 22 Bond Street, New York City.

THE BEST ON EXHIBITION.

Their merits are Strength, Durability, Cleanliness, and Adaptation to every conceivable physiognomical requirement of the Teeth and Color of the Gums."

HORACE GREELEY, *President.*
JOHN W. CHAMBERS, *Recording Secretary.*
SAMUEL D. TILLMAN, *Corresponding Secretary.*

THE FOLLOWING
COMPLIMENTARY CARD
FROM PARIS

Corroborates the foregoing Reports:

PARIS, December 26th, 1867.

The undersigned Dentists hereby certify that they examined all the Artificial Dentures exhibited at the Universal Exhibition of 1867, in this city, and they unhesitatingly state that the specimens of "Continuous Gum" work exhibited by DR. JOHN ALLEN & SON, of New York, were, *beyond Comparison*, the finest on exhibition.

D. J. B. RALENSTEIN, 8 Boul. des Capucines, Paris.
CHAS. A. DUBOUCHET, M. D., D.D.S., 3 Rue la Paix, Paris.
E. B. LOUD, 11 Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris.
DRS. PARMILY, 25 Boul. des Capucines, Paris.
WM. IMRIS, 42 Rue de Luxembourg.
NELSON B. GREGORY, 42 Rue de Luxembourg.
J. W. CRANE, 21 Boul. des Capucines, Paris.
M. DELAPIERRE, Surgeon Dentist-in-Chief to Hospitals in Brussels, Belgium.

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J. ALLEN & SON,
NO. 22 BOND STREET, N. Y. City.

P. S.—A Descriptive Pamphlet can be obtained by sending to the above address.

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No. 41 Lombard St., London.

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AMERICAN TOURISTS,
with due attention to their correspondence and the latest advices from the United States.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, WASHINGTON.

NIGHT SWEATS AND SPITTING OF BLOOD. Among the numerous advertised medicines for these complaints, none can be found so efficacious as Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM. It subdues the irritation, stops the sweating, and restores the strength in a very short space of time. It is put up with your name

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR
EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
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The Independent.

UNTO ALL.

BY J. A. PAINE.

The sunbeam flies,
Nor asks what star it greets;
The raindrop lies,
Nor seeks the cup it meets.

A fountain flows,
Careless whose thirst it slakes;
A floret blows,
Thoughtless what joy it wakes.

Yon thrush apart
For none sings not the less;
So give, O heart,
Nor ask whom thou shalt bless!

THE BATTLE FOR REFORM IN NEW YORK.

BY CHAS. F. WINGATE.

The contest for reform in New York which has been going on for the last year presents several distinct phases. The attack on the Tammany Ring, which comprises the ablest and most corrupt of the men who have had control of local affairs in that city for so long a time, has been carried on by parallel lines. Three different agencies have been joined in the movement: the Press, the Committee of Seventy, and the Young or Reform Democracy. What the share of each of these has been and how they have mutually contrived to carry on the reform movement it is the object of the present article to sketch.

The New York *Times* by common consent deserves the credit of having taken the lead in the fight, and of having performed the lion's share of the work done by the press in this connection. Viewing the result accomplished, and the ability, boldness, and vigor which the *Times* has shown throughout the contest, its course must be admitted to be one of the most remarkable performances in the history of journalism. *Harper's Weekly*, by the aid of Nast's inimitable caricatures, has exerted a powerful influence upon public feeling, while the *Tribune* and *Evening Mail* have each contributed not a little of both facts and arguments to the discussion of municipal reform; yet their performance, however great, does not take away a jot from the glory due the *Times*.

The progress of the contest with the Ring can be traced in the columns of the *Times* as in the pages of a historical register. On Oct. 3d, 1870, the first gun of attack was fired in the shape of an article headed "Governor Hoffman and the Judiciary," in which that official was taken to task with considerable boldness for his appointment as Justices of the General Term of the City of New York of Judges Ingraham, Barnard, and Cardoza—the last two being notorious for their affiliation with the Ring, as well as inferior in legal attainments to other judges of the New York Supreme Court, who might have been appointed to these positions. This article was followed in a few days by another, which, with equal plainness of speech, showed that one effect of the Governor's action in appointing the above-named justices would be to permit all the well-known and disreputable "Erie" cases to come before Judge Barnard, who was reputed to be implicated with James Fisk, Jr., in his illegal stock and gold-gambling operations.

The next article was an even bolder attack on "Room 13," a private court organized by Judge Cardoza, and used for the transaction of such business as it was desirable should be kept from the honest judges and from the knowledge of the public. This "Room 13," which was well known to the legal profession, was stigmatized as the star chamber of the Ring. These and succeeding articles of like import excited much interest, especially among the legal fraternity, who had long been aware of the facts just mentioned. The *Times* having always given special attention to law matters, it was natural that it should take the lead in advocating reform of existing legal abuses. The articles in question were written by a young lawyer, who has since taken a large share in the discussion through the press of other reforms, and who wrote from personal knowledge of the facts.

On October 20th, two weeks later, the *Times* ventured a little further. In an editorial of only half a column length, and headed "Where is the Controller's Report?" it was quietly stated that, though Mr. Connolly had been controller for three years, he had failed to make an annual report, as required by law; and it was suggested that he and his associates—Tweed, Sweeny, and Hall—ought to render a statement of the finances of the city to the public.

This mildly worded article had a meaning which the Ring quickly understood, and was the first overt action against Tammany itself. The previous attacks had been upon Hoffman, Barnard, Cardoza, Fisk, and the corruptions of the judiciary. But, having passed the outworks, the indefatigable *Times* came to the citadel of the enemy. Its course was wary, however, and slow. The risk of a libel suit had to be avoided; and, also, as in all cases, the paper had to avoid keeping too far in advance of public opinion. Soon, however, the *Times* had security against the first danger, through being shown copies of the fraudulent accounts in the controller's office, which were in possession of Mr. O'Brien, and it was understood might be used as a guaranty and basis for attacking the Ring. With this understanding the *Times* continued its ringing assaults on Tweed, Sweeny, Hall, and Connolly. An attempt was made to buy it over, and also to silence its righteous clamor by influencing the stockholders; but both of these schemes failed, and the *Times* reiterated its attacks with increasing effect.

On the very next day after that on which the article in the *Times* appeared Controller Connolly invited a committee composed of Marshall O. Roberts, Moses Taylor, John J. Astor, E. D. Brown, and other prominent gentlemen to examine into and report upon the city accounts. They did so; and, as the result of their investigations, stated the total funded debt of the city to be forty-six millions of dollars, or very much less than later examinations have shown to be the real figures. This prompt action on the part of the Controller showed his sensitiveness to criticism. The report calmed the suspicions of the public for a time, though persistently denounced by the *Times* as incorrect.

In the early part of December, owing to a short paragraph in a New York letter to the *Springfield Republican*, which told some unpleasant truths about David Dudley Field, a controversy ensued between that gentleman and Samuel Bowles, editor of the *Republican*, in which the latter gentleman gained an undoubted advantage. The subject was taken up by the press generally, and fully discussed. It had the effect of throwing additional light on the relations of the Ring to the judiciary, and helped forward the good fight not a little.

All through the winter of 1870-1 the *Times* continued its attacks on the Ring, reiterating the facts already stated, and taking advantage of every new move on the political chess-board to make the corruption of the municipal government more apparent to the public. The passage of the Viaduct Railway Bill at Albany, and the methods used by Mr. Tweed to gain control of the legislature, with the bribery of Winans; the attempt to establish a gas monopoly in the interest of the Ring; the Broadway widening "job"; and the proposition to erect a statue to Tweed in one of the public squares, all gave opportunity for the press in general to assail the Ring. This iteration, which Lockey calls the source of the great power of the press, could not but have great effect on the public mind, and produced a profound impression throughout the community.

Growing impatient of further delay, Mr. O'Brien at last consented to the publication of the transcripts of the controller's accounts. Accordingly, soon after the Orange Riots, on the twelfth of July, the first portion of them appeared in the *Times*, containing the amounts paid Messrs. Garvey, Ingersoll, Keyser, and J. W. Smith, and also to the Transcript Association and New York Printing Company. They showed that all of these persons and corporations had received immense sums for work alleged to have been done for the city, but in reality never executed. Fabulous amounts had been paid for plastering, carpentry, furniture, awnings, and for public printing, the bulk of which had gone directly into the pockets of the members of the Ring—and especially into those of Wm. M. Tweed. These accounts were accompanied by a double-leaded leader which deliberately denounced the Ring as "thieves," and thus began open war on Tammany.

The effect of these revelations on popular sentiment is too fresh in every one's recollection to be described. It was increased by every new revelation of fact, until at last the people of New York were so worked up to an appreciation of their municipal affairs as to call for a mass meeting. This was held September 4th, at the Cooper Institute, and enthusiastically attended. Many prominent citizens were present and spoke, including representatives of all parties and professions. As a result of this outburst of public sentiment, the Committee of Seventy was formed, which opened the second stage of the contest for reform.

The Committee of Seventy comprised men of diverse character and views, united to accomplish a single end. Republicans and Democrats, social reformers and business men, lawyers, judges, bankers, merchants, editors, and private gentlemen were to be found among them; and they were alike in hardly anything except their individually high position in society and the community at large. Hence it was hardly to be expected that any one member of the Committee would presume to lead the rest; but their deliberations and actions have been guided by several gentlemen. Among these were Judge Pierpont, Jackson S. Schultz, Ex-Mayor Havemeyer, Henry G. Stebbins, Judges Barrett and Emott, Robert B. Roosevelt, Ex-Governor Salomon, of Wisconsin, Joseph H. Choate, nephew of the great advocate, Mr. Spaulding, Henry Clews, the banker, and Major Bundy, of the *Evening Mail*, who drafted the Committee's address to the people of the state. These gentlemen, with their associates, have worked hard to investigate the affairs of the city and to bring to justice corrupt persons. The meetings of the Committee, though held at an inconvenient time for business men to be present, were well attended, and the deliberations were prompt and practical. While the Committee of Seventy were in consultation a joint committee of prominent citizens and members of the city and county government, which had been appointed as a clever ruse by Mayor Hall, and included such men as H. B. Claflin, Royal Phelps, and Recorder Hackett, examined the city finances, and in twenty days, instead of "whitewashing" the Ring, as was expected, reported the actual amount of the city debt to be the vast sum of ninety-seven millions. At the same time John Foley, a member of the Committee of Seventy, obtained an injunction from Judge Barnard restraining the heads of the different departments from paying out any money, thus locking up all the city funds, subject to the order of Andrew H. Green, one of the principal designers of the Central Park, who, through the resignation of Connolly, soon after came in possession of the controller's office. The arrest of the voucher thieves, with the bringing of suits against Ingersoll, Garvey, and Keyser, followed in due order.

Then came the issuing of an appeal to the people of the state; the publication of additional details of frauds copied from the controller's books by the *Evening Mail;* the sending of delegates to the Democratic State Convention at Rochester; the nomination and endorsement of reform candidates for city offices; the flight of Ingersoll, Garvey, and Woodward; the suits brought against them, and against Tweed; and, finally, the election on November 4th, with its glorious result. Such is a brief summary of the events of the past few months, which, however, were due to another agency as well as the Committee of Seventy—namely, the Young or Reform Democracy. This organization, it should be explained, comprises the fragments of the former opposition party to Tammany in local politics. It came into quite prominent notice in the spring of 1870, when it maintained a brief but deadly contest with Tweed for the control of the New York State legislature. It was then backed by the *Sun* and *World*, and it was while the latter journal was the champion of the Young Democracy that its editor made those startling, because truthful, exposures of the crimes of the Ring, which have since been quoted so happily in reply to his late defense of the same body. In spite of a gallant fight, the Young Democracy was worsted in the contest; and Tweed, by a lavish outlay of money in bribes—amounting, it was said, to a quarter of a million dollars—defeated them in the legislature, and bought over several of their adherents. After this crushing defeat the Young Democracy nearly went to pieces. The press deserted it, the leaders quarreled, and several went over to the enemy. James O'Brien, however, who was the master spirit of the organization, retained his purpose of overthrowing the Ring, and patiently awaited an opportunity for accomplishing this result. O'Brien is a man of singular character. He belongs to the class of popular leaders represented by Wilkes and Cobbett. Of humble origin, with little or no education, he possesses to a remarkable degree the faculty of gaining men's support. He is immensely popular with the Irish of New York, and is fairly worshiped by many of them. Naturally generous by nature, he has given away large sums in charity and made himself famous by his liberality. He is quiet and reticent in manner, seldom makes a speech, but accomplishes his ends mainly by personal influence. He is as scrupulous as most politicians, and has a good deal of "hold on" in his mental composition.

It was O'Brien, as has been said, who obtained copies of the controller's accounts and sold them to the *Times*. After the appointment of the Committee of Seventy, he and his friends aided the latter very materially in its investigations. Among the friends who comprise the leaders of the Young Democracy are William H. Wickham, Thomas Bocsé, Abraham R. Lawrence, Samuel G. Courtney, Henry L. Clinton, and other prominent Democrats. Through their familiarity with municipal politics, these gentlemen were able to render great aid to the reform movement. They united with leading Republicans to select a list of nonpartisan candidates for city officers, who were endorsed by the Committee of Seventy, and then received the ballots of all anti-corruption voters. They also sent delegates to the Democratic State Convention at Rochester, with the object of having the Tammany representatives ousted from that body; and, though this mission partly failed, it was one necessary to be made and could not have been better performed.

Thus, to sum up, it will be seen that the share of the three agencies concerned in the reform movement has been as follows: The press has agitated—reiterating facts, uncovering frauds, denouncing persons, and rousing up public feeling. The Committee of Seventy have thoroughly investigated and confirmed what the press had before pointed out, besides attending to the proceedings against the corruptionists in the courts. Finally, the Young Democracy have organized the political part of the reform movement, and mainly contributed to the late magnificent victory at the polls.

The rapidity with which the present results have been gained is remarkable. Only two months have elapsed since the demonstration at the Cooper Institute and the appointment of the Committee of Seventy, and it is a little above a year since the *Times* opened the attack on Tammany. Events of such importance as those of the past year usually take generations to be accomplished. Tammany's power has accumulated during ten years. Its downfall has required less than one-tenth of that time. Such is the power of the press and an aroused public sentiment; and the result gives promise of even greater triumphs in the future.

THE LOSS OF THE WHALING FLEET.

BY A LADY, AN EYE-WITNESS.

By the 1st of June of the present year the pioneer vessels of the Arctic fleet of whalermen, after sailing through the Fox Island Passages, began to encounter the first ice of the season near the entrance of Behring's Straits. From this point their northward progress until they reached Point Belcher, in the Arctic Ocean, was one of constant struggle and peril. It being the object of the vessels to follow the whales into their retreats among the bergs and floes of ice, to pursue them wherever found, many times at the imminent risk of being crushed between the moving ice-fields, they steadily pressed forward in their hazardous quest with as much of haste as the slowly-opening barriers would permit. The exceeding shortness of the Arctic summer—the brief period when the icy fetters are even temporarily broken in those seas—renders necessary all expedition on the part of those who seek to penetrate the realm of ice, and safely return before Winter has again resumed her sway.

The entire fleet numbered 41 vessels. Of these the "Oriole" was stove in the ice, while going through the Straits, and was obliged to put into Plover Bay, and attempt to repair damages. But she filled while being "hove down," and was consequently abandoned. The others got through the heavy ice and passed into the Arctic Ocean. Seven of them were ultimately unable to force a passage further north than Icy Cape, and were obliged to pursue their calling in the more open waters to the southward.

The Arctic seas teem with walruses. They are generally very fat, and yield a large quantity of oil—fair specimens producing a barrel apiece. In the absence of whales, these are killed by the thousands, and help to fill the ships. This occupies the attention of the whalemen as they slowly work their way further northward, where they expect to find whales disporting themselves among the heavy bergs.

By the latter part of June they had reached East Cape, where they found Capt. Barker, of the ship "Japan," which was wrecked at that point last season. The captain and crew, save seven who were lost with the ship, had wintered with the Esquimaux. Generally enveloped in a thick fog and surrounded by rough water, East Cape is a terror to all whalemen in those seas.

Aside from the observance of the 4th of July, in the only manner practicable—*i.e.*, visiting by the officers and their families between those ships lying in contiguity—nothing of unusual interest transpired till the 8th of August, when they reached Icy Cape, and thence proceeded to Point Belcher, where they found whales in comparative abundance. One which was captured there was truly a "leviathan of the deep," being pronounced by many old whalemen the largest ever taken. It produced nearly 200 barrels of oil, the tongue alone yielding about 20 barrels.

The experience of sailors in the Arctic in past seasons has been that during the summer months the prevailing winds come from the northeast, and consequently have the effect to drive the ice off from the coast, thus preserving a large area of open water between the barriers and the beach. This season the reverse was generally the case. On the 25th of August there occurred a strong northeasterly gale, which opened the ice and drove it off-shore. The whalemen took advantage of this fact, and pressed forward to their position at Point Belcher, one considerably in advance of their usual fishing grounds in past years. Up to this time circumstances had favored them. But soon the wind shifted to the southwest, blowing a fresh gale, and the ice began to move in-shore again, slowly, stealthily, but irresistibly. The ships were soon hemmed in by heavy ice, many of the bergs towering 50 feet in the air. Now came a struggle among the vessels to escape; and, by dint of almost superhuman endeavor, all but three of them managed to work their way in-shore, constantly followed by the ice, until the water became so shoal that the larger bergs grounded, thus forming a barrier, further than which it could not go, and between which and the shallow, muddy beach the ships were confined. Many of them stranded, but subsequently got clear. The "Roman," the "Comet," and the "J. D. Thompson" were drawn away by the strong currents while enveloped by the ice, crushed between heavy floes, and went down. Their crews barely saved their lives. Some days subsequently the "Awashonto" was also nipped in the ice and sank.

The position had now become one of extreme peril. The captains looked anxiously each day for a change of the wind to the northeast, which would scatter the ice and release them from their imprisonment. But no change came. The area of open water was about five or six miles in extent alongshore from Point Belcher, on the south; and outside, about one mile from the beach, the barriers of solid ice stretched from point to point. In this "bite" in the land lay thirty whaleships, with scarcely sea-room sufficient to swing at anchor without collision. The long Arctic winter was rapidly approaching. Snow fell almost constantly, and the shores, where but a few days previous a few stunted wild flowers had been plucked, were already white with the accumulation. Each night the open water froze over to the thickness of an inch or more, through which the whaleboats made difficult progress. The barrier had been gradually growing more and more compact, until now nothing short of a heavy northeast gale would be effectual in moving it. This did not come. So that on the 10th of August, after long consultations between the captains, it was decided that, in order to save the fifteen hundred souls onboard the ships, the latter must be abandoned. This point settled, it was determined to lighten a brig, one of the fleet which drew the least water, and, putting the women and children on board, with provisions and fuel, endeavor to work her through the shoal water alongshore, between the beach and the barrier, and thus make their way to the open water southward of the ice-pack, in the hope of finding some of the seven ships which were unable to force a passage off Icy Cape. Should they succeed in this, the ships might be held back until the crews of the abandoned vessels could be got down. Otherwise, nothing remained for them but to winter among the Esquimaux. And this meant starvation or death by cold to most, if not all, inasmuch as the provisions and fuel remaining on the vessels were barely sufficient for three months' consumption.

The expedient of sending the brig down failed. She grounded on Blossom Shoals. Hence the open boats became the only resort, and by this means the ships outside were providentially found and communicated with. Their masters agreed to remain and receive their brother whalemen, who had been less fortunate than themselves. Muffled in deer-skins, the women and children made the painfully long and perilous passage down the barren and inhospitable coast to Icy Cape, where they encamped on the desolate beach. In the meanwhile, the captains—who had resolved to stay by their ships so long as there was a glimmer of hope left for delivering them—becoming convinced that longer delay was worse than useless, abandoned their vessels as they lay at anchor, and, together with the crews, by means of their boats, joined the encampment at Icy Cape. Here they were obliged to tarry some time, pinched with cold and drenched with rain, till the heavy sea then running subsided in sufficient measure to render it possible for the boats to reach the ships, which were lying off ten miles from the land, being unable to come nearer by reason of intervening fields of ice. The work of embarking, at last, was hazardous to an extreme. A gale was blowing, a terrible sea was running, and without a large belt of moving ice had to be traversed. The circumstances were such as to make even the stoutest hearts quail. But it was effected without loss of life. Thus were 1,500 souls, from thirty-three ships, added to the crews of the seven which were alone saved of the whole Arctic whaling fleet of 1871, originally consisting of forty-one vessels.

Aside from the scenes and incidents usually attending life on shipboard in an open sea, nothing of moment transpired to mark the passage from Icy Cape to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Their advent at that port, under the circumstances, created unusual excitement. It was a heavy blow struck at the interests of the city, and the inhabitants manifested a deep sympathy for the immediate sufferers, as also a keen appreciation of their own ultimate loss in the destruction of a branch of commerce in which they have so large an interest. From Honolulu the passage to San Francisco was made by one of the Japan line of steamers. On arriving at the latter port they mostly came overland to their Eastern homes.

Ships are already fitting out in New Bedford to take the places of those lost, and in a few months more most if not all of the unfortunate 1,500 will be treading ships' decks again; but they have reason to hold in long remembrance the disastrous season of 1871 in the Arctic.

Literary Department.

MR. CHANNING'S WANDERER.*

It is not often that a poet of three-and-fifty, whose verses began to be printed more than thirty years ago, needs an introduction to the people of his own land, as he comes before them with his sixth volume. But this is precisely what is needed in the case of Mr. Channing, whose new and longest poem, *The Wanderer*, has just appeared. Nor is it so much for the poet's sake as for that of his readers that we are called upon to tell them who he is. What he is they will see for themselves if they read him, as the old Persian said, "with the flower of the mind." And, seeing what a rare poetical gift is his, they will wish to know more of him. It will be asked whether he is young or old, where he has lived, what his aims and hopes have been, and how he has husbanded or employed that gift of God, the poetic faculty, which this book discloses in its author. If we found these lines, for example, on a sheet of paper in some friend's portfolio, or in the corner of a newspaper, or in that receptacle of fugitive verses, a school reading-book, should we not desire to know something of their author?

> "Homeless and hopeless in those cruel walls,
> Phillis weeps, her heart long since bereaved.
> She heard the footfalls scar the crowded streets,
> Her fatal birthright, where no human pulse
> To hers was beating. There she shunned the day:
> Her chamber-floor was strewn thick-sown in flowers.
> And lovely maids tricked out with pearls and gold,
> Barbaric pomp, and crafty usurers bent,
> All passed her by, the terror in her heart.
> Stooped she the while, and with her tender art—
> Day's dying light painting the quiet fields,
> The pale green sky reflected in the pools,
> Oh! why was earth so fair? was love so fond
> Ever consumed within the tiring of fire?
> That soft clear light that marks that heaven afar,
> The emerald waters, and the evening star."

We might, indeed, seek his acquaintance to ask him what these lines signify, or if they have any meaning, properly speaking; but that they were written by some one with the soul and the musical ear of a poet we should feel at once. Such sympathy breaths through them for the unnamed grief of the unknown maiden; such an eye for color and for the harmonies of the landscape do they bespeak; such a swift and complete comprehension of the incidents of the scene, both natural and conventional, is perceived, that we do not need a critic to tell us that the writer "had the vision and the faculty divine," and might well use it to better purpose than in this hasty and incongruous sketch. If we chanced upon these other verses, plainly by the same hand, we should see that the mere chaotic elements of a poem, as seen above, had here taken form and proportion.

> "Modest and mild and kind—
> Who never spurned the needing from her door,
> Door of thy heart which is a palace gate!
> Temperate and faithful, in whose word the world
> Might trust, sure to repay: unvexed by care,
> Unawed by Fortune's nod, slave to no lord,
> Nor coward to thy peers, long shalt thou live!
> Not in this feeble verse, this sleeping age,
> But in the roll of Heaven, and at the bar
> Of that high court where Virtue is in place.
> Then thou shalt fitly rate, and read the laws
> Of that supremer state; writ Jove's behest,
> And even old Saturn's chronicle—
> Works ne'er Hesiod saw, types of all things,
> And portraitures of all; whose golden leaves
> Roll back the ages' doors, and summon up
> Unsleeping truths, by which wheels on Heaven's prime."

Who, then, is this poet, with rhythm so halting and imperfect at times, yet who at times recalls the Elizabethan period in the structure and melody of his verse? When did he begin to write, what have his themes been, and why has he so long escaped the general notice of a world so eager for poetical utterances that it has accepted, at least for a time, the verses of Bailey and Alexander Smith and Massey and Swinburne, to make no invidious mention of versewrights whose fame has not yet quite gone to air?

William Ellery Channing is the only son and eldest child of Dr. Walter Channing, of Boston, once a physician of large practice there, a professor in Harvard College, and himself an author of some repute. It was this Dr. Channing who made the witty repartee, when somebody mistook him for his more renowned brother, Dr. William Ellery Channing, the father of American Unitarianism: "No; I am not that Dr. Channing. My brother preaches and I practice." Both were born in Newport, R. I., and were the grandsons of William Ellery, one of the two Rhode Island signers of the Declaration, who lived to a good old age, and died, "without sickness or pain, reading Cicero's *De Officiis*, in his arm-chair," in 1820. This present namesake, the poet Channing, was then almost two years old. Dr. Walter Channing studied medicine in Boston, Philadelphia, Edinburgh, and London, took a belated degree at Harvard in 1812, and soon after married and settled in Boston, where he still lives, in his 85th year, and likely to reach the ninety-one years of his grandfather. His son, the present William Ellery Channing (familiarly called "Ellery" sometimes, to distinguish him from his uncle, who died in 1843, but with whom he is still occasionally confounded), lost his mother, one of the Boston Perkinses, in his early childhood, and was sent, when less than eight years old, to the great boarding-school for boys at Round Hill, Northampton, Mass., then taught by Dr. Cogswell and George Bancroft, historian and politician. Here the lad spent some years, not very happily. Among his older schoolmates was Motley, the historian, who was in boyhood a pupil of Bancroft. Afterward Channing studied at the Boston Latin School, where Charles Sumner was one of his teachers; but, if he entered college, he followed the example of his father and Uncle Edward, and did not graduate. In his "Youth of the Poet and Painter," published in the *Dial*, in 1843-4, his hero, Edward Ashford, who represents himself, enters college, but leaves it because it is so far below the ideal he had formed of "something romantic and beautiful in the life in colleges"; and is next described by a humorous uncle as "smacking his lips over Johnny-cakes and apple-dumplings in a distant although romantic grist-mill." That there ever was exactly such an episode in Channing's student-life, when he exchanged gerund-grinding at Cambridge for grinding corn and rye on the banks of the Merrimac, we would not affirm; but it may well have been so. He was a poet then, of course, and wrote at that period some of his verses which are best known—"The River," for example, and "October," which were printed for the first time in the *Dial* for October, 1840, when the poet himself was editing a Whig newspaper in Cincinnati, and writing leaders in support of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." He spent some time in Ohio and Illinois, living for a while on the prairies; and, when he returned to New England, it was to take up his abode as a newly-married man in Concord, near his friend Emerson, who had expressed the strongest interest in his poetry. This was about thirty years ago, and it is with Concord that Channing's name and fame have since been associated.

Mr. George W. Curtis, who himself went to live in Concord for a year or too, after the Brook Farm Arcadia vanished into the clouds whence it descended, has well described, in one of his latest Easy Chair papers, the period and the literature of the *Dial*, for which Channing wrote much, and Curtis and Lowell a little. Its editors were Emerson and Margaret Fuller, who both loved and cherished the wayward muse of Ellery Channing. His wife was a younger sister of Margaret Fuller-Hawthorne, who went to live in Concord in 1842, upon his own marriage, and Thoreau, who was born there, and, after a short absence in 1838-40, returned to his native town to live and die, were his intimate friends; and there were others to whom his songs were dear. But to the great public, not yet taught to discriminate between what was faultily noble and what was bad in verse, cast aside his published volumes as worthless. Edgar Poe poohed at them, and the Cambridge set of critics joined in the sneer. It was common to speak of Channing and Thoreau as mere echoes and imitators of Emerson; than which nothing can be more ridiculous, though Lowell has more than once put his name to such an unworthy estimate of his brother authors. Hawthorne long lived and wrote in a like obscurity, though he escaped such disparaging criticism. His estimate of Channing—one of the truest ever made—was thus expressed in his "Mosses from an Old Manse":

> "Or it might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue to join me in a fishing excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were those, when we cast aside all irksome forms and straitlaced habitudes, and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the Indians, or any less conventional race, during one bright semicircle of the sun. . . . So amidst sunshine and shadow, rustling leaves and sighing waters, up gushed our talk like the bubble of a fountain. The evanescent spray was Ellery's; and his, too, the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed, and brightened both our faces by the reflection. Could he have drawn out that virgin gold, and stamp'd it with the mint-mark that alone gives currency, the world might have had the profit and he the fame. My mind was the richer merely by the knowledge that it was there."

For the lack of this "mint-mark" the volumes that Channing printed between this period (1843) and 1858 have made scarcely any impression on the hundred millions, more or less, who now read the English language. Yet that had happened to him which he had foreshadowed in his "Youth of the Poet and Painter," before he ever printed a volume, where his critic says: "I judge the production of verse is natural to him, and that, by abundant encouragement from his friends, he may be led to write with more attention to critical rules, though for some years he will pay the least possible respect to measure and formal art. He will have a favorable beginning for a poet, and his verse become the product of necessity and Nature." His lack of any general recognition has not kept him idle or complaining, while it has made his verse, as he predicted, still more "the product of necessity and Nature" than if he had become popular, and had been called upon to contribute to all the magazines and print a volume every year. In fact, he did print four volumes in ten years—three of verse, and one of prose mingled with verse, as he loves to write; then he waited half-a-dozen years, and printed another slender book, "Near Home," a poem of fifty pages, which came out in 1858, and may be regarded as a preliminary study for this new poem, *The Wanderer*. It was dedicated to his friend, Thoreau, and the second passage, cited above, is from its dedication, and the finest part of the book; which even less than its predecessors caught the attention of the great world. Then followed a long period of silence, except that in 1864 the poet printed in the Boston *Commonwealth* a short biography of Thoreau, who had died in 1863, and a few poems that had never seen the light. These "Reminiscences of Henry D. Thoreau," though copyrighted and intended for publication as a book, were never finished; yet they contain the best portraiture of that admirable person yet drawn, and also many choice and characteristic extracts from Thoreau's as yet unpublished journal. Readers of *The Wanderer* will find in these "Reminiscences" some hints and explanations of passages in the new poem.

For the past dozen years or more most of Channing's friends have supposed him inactive, and have been half inclined to blame him for it.

In these silent years, however, as *The Wanderer* proves, there was no carelessness in the mind of Channing. He devoted the period of the world's neglect, and the disappointment even of his friends, to the most incessant and faithful studies of Nature and of books. His daily walks; his long days and nights spent on the side of Monadnoc, year after year; his sojourning in Plymouth, and on the Cape, by the great ocean; his researches into literature and science, historical, philological, geological, botanical, thecological—these, and all his observation, at once keen and broad, of the human life about him in New England give body and complexity to the new verses. They are no longer what was acutely said of his earlier poetry, quoting from one of his own stanzas:

> "A hase that shines,
> A brief appearance without lines";

they are crammed with thought, and made dense and visible, as the clouds of a storm. The vapors of spring have condensed into the fruitful showers of summer and autumn. There is still a frequent disregard of the canons of meter, but less than in any of his former volumes. Generally it is without any better excuse than that which Mr. Emerson makes for him in his charming preface to the book—"that the poet before us had fits of deafness to rhythm, and was too impatient, or loved and trusted his fancy too entirely, to risk a critical study of meter." The best rhythm, however, is not that of the poets who can

> "Talk like a book of lambs and pentameters,
> In a way to make people of common sense damn meters";

but rather that of Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer, who found their rhythm rather by the ear than by the fingers. It was not Channing, but Shakespeare, who wrote this line:

> "I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight."

And these musical lines:

> "To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride."
> "Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other,"
> "High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service."

Milton, again, wrote these lines, eminently melodious, yet perplexing to the fingers:

> "Lancelot or Pelleas or Pellenore,
> And Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old."

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there are passages in *The Wanderer* where, as Mr. Emerson says, he finds a "neglect of conventional ornament and correct finish, which even looks a little studied, as if the poet crippled his pentameters to challenge notice to a subtler melody." Yet he adds, as truly: "Here are strokes of skill which recall the great masters. Here is the mountain truly pictured, the upland day, the upland night, the perpetual home of the wind, and every hint of the primeval agencies noted; and the thoughts which these bring to youth and to maturity. There is nothing conventional in the theme or the illustration. No; but 'thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers,' and pictures seen by an instructed eye." One observes, also, what Mr. Emerson remarked in criticising Channing's verses in the *Dial*, in 1840—"a bold use of that imagery which the moment's mood had made sacred to him, quite careless that it might be sacred to no other, and might even be slightly ludicrous to the first reader." Hence, and for other reasons, we can easily believe, in the language of the preface, "that many a reader and perhaps writer of popular poetry will, after short experiment, turn away with disdain from this rude pamphlet, and thank his stars that his culture has made him incapable of pleasure from such charcoal sketching." The poem closes with a glowing picture of the scholar and his place in the world, and of the poet's duty to his age; which, more than anything else in the book, opens to us the best aspirations of the author. It may well surprise those who have looked upon Mr. Channing as a morbid recluse, closing his heart to the world about him, and by no means regardful of its plainest duties. Each man has his special gift and special hindrances; and it is doubtless true, often as it has been denied, that a certain manifestation of the poetic mood and faculty is incompatible with the everyday work of the frugal and punctual citizen. But in this case it has led to a rare and delicate spiritual evolution. Resisting the temptation to quote from the present volume, we commend it without further comment to our readers.

—Books of popular science become each year more comprehensive and trustworthy. The practice of translating into English the admirable compilations of French writers grows more common; and of these one of the best is M. Elisée's elegant volume entitled *The Earth; a Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe.* This title is, indeed, too comprehensive; and, besides, is inaccurate. We have here no system of biological science, but accounts of "The Earth as a Planet," of "Physical Geography," of "The Circulation of Water" by means of snow, of glaciers, of springs, rivers, lakes, and seas; and "Subterranean Forces" are described, as shown in earthquakes, eruptions, upheavals and subsidences, and volcanic waves. We regret that the author has failed to make use of Dr. C. F. Winslow's elaborate statistics, in his book on "Force and Nature," respecting the greater prevalence of earthquakes in winter than at any other time of the year. In general, however, we may say that M. Reclus's use of the latest authorities is intelligent and ample. We notice an occasional imperfection in the excellent maps which illustrate the work; as when, after speaking of the crater of Kilauea as being, "without doubt, the most remarkable lava source which exists on our planet," the accompanying map fails to indicate its existence in the Hawaiian Islands. The book is, on the whole, thoroughly well prepared, and shows more acquaintance with the latest scientific intelligence respecting the subjects of which it treats than any similar work that we have lately seen. *The Earth* will make an excellent volume for winter-evening reading. (Harper & Brothers.)

—Miss Edna Dean Proctor's *Russian Journey* is a book containing twenty-seven short sketches of places and customs, scenes and impressions received during a late tour through Russia in Europe. St. Petersburg, Moscow, the Fair of Nijni, the Volga, the Cossacks, the Crimea, the Azof and Black Seas, and the Austrian frontier are points that indicate the journey described, which was mostly taken by railway and steamboat. To each of these sketches a few lines of verse are prefixed. The diction of the book is that of a poetic and enthusiastic nature; but it has been written with a care unusual in records of travel, and presents agreeable pictures of the remote regions which it was the author's good fortune to visit. Those of our readers who are familiar with her writings in this journal will not be the only ones who will be glad to make acquaintance with her peacefully-told Russian experiences. (J. R. Osgood & Co.)

—*Mother Goose Set to Music* is, in the original English edition, a pretty little book, with more than fifty delightful pictures for the children's edification. Neither text nor music is altered in the present edition; but the engravings have been sadly marred in the reproduction. It is wonderful how our publishers, from Boston to Philadelphia, manage to take the beauty out of "conveyed" engravings like these. Thus, the pictures in *Every Saturday* will not bear the comparison of a glance with their originals in the London *Graphic*. Shall we charitably suppose that the salt water affects objects of art, as cargoes of tea are injured by a sea voyage? Or do they use too much tincture of steel in the printing ink? The charm of the original drawings shines but dimly, "shorn of its beams," in this reprint; yet the engravings are beautiful, even in the eclipse of the Carleton edition.

* THE WANDERER: a Colloquial Poem. By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. 16mo, pp. 157. J. R. Osgood & Co.

NOTES.

AMERICAN.

Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce *Dream Life and other Poems*, by Stockton Bates; *A Poem*, by J. Gordon Brinckle; *The Musings of a Middle-Aged Woman*; *A Southern Villeggiatura*, a novel, by "Filia"; *Fairmount Park*, fifth edition, with additional illustrations; and *Helen Ethonger*: a Novel.... J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce *The Science of Wealth*: A Manual of Political Economy, by Amasa Walker, LL.D.; *Seven Decades of the Union*, by Hon. Henry A. Wise; *A Memoir of Ulric Dahlgren*, by his father, Rear-Admiral Dahlgren; *Little Moorland Princess*, a Novel, after the German of E. Marlitt, by Mrs. A. L. Wister; *Legends and Lyrics*, by Paul H. Hayne; *Poems*, by Julia C. R. Dorr, author of "Siby Huntington," etc.; *Thoughts on Paper Currency and Lending on Interest*, by William Brown; *The Funny Philosophers*; or, *Wags and Sweethearts*. A Novel. By George Yellott; and *Sophocles*, by Clifton W. Collins, A.M., Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. Being Vol. X of "The Ancient Classics for English Readers. ....*The Chicago Phœnix* is the title of a new weekly paper announced in Chicago. It is to contain serial stories by popular writers, and a general summary of news, with special descriptions of scenes during the late fire, and illustrated by photographs taken on the spot. .....A second series of *Stories Told to a Child*," by Jean Ingelow, will be published by Messrs. Roberts Bros. in the course of the month..... The *Literary Gazette* expects to see the prominent book houses of Chicago re-established before the end of the year.

FOREIGN.

The American system of "interviewing" is extending to the English journals.... The *Saturday Review* makes a favorable notice of Rev. E. E. Hale's *How to Do It*.... Mr. Dickens's *Piccadilly Papers* have been dramatized for the Lyceum Theater, in London, and the *Pall Mall Budget* pronounces the version a failure.... Miss Helen Taylor has edited Mr. Buckle's posthumous works.....Among new works announced as preparing for publication in London are: *A Narrative of the First Exploratory Journey to High Tartary, Yarkand*, etc., by Mr. R. Shaw; *The History of British Commerce*, by Mr. Leone Levi; *Character*, by Dr. Smiles; *Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries*, by Mr. James Ferguson, F. R. S.; *Scrambles Among the Alps*, by Mr. Edward Whymper; a new edition of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*; *Aristotle*, by the same author; a new library edition of Mr. Tennyson's works, in five monthly half-guinea volumes; and a new library series of *Punch*, in monthly volumes.....Mr. Charles Darwin's work on *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex*, has just been translated into M. Moulinié, and is now in the press.....Dr. Bence Jones has a volume nearly ready containing the early history of the Royal Institution and its founder, Count Rumford..... The *Swiss Times* states that the ascent of two virgin peaks in the wild chain of mountains which commence at the Dent de Nestri, in the Aroila Valley, has been made this season by English tourists. On the 31st of August Messrs. Richman and Hamilton, accompanied by the guides Jean Virgner and Anzevui, made the ascent of the Dent de Perroc. On the 6th of September Mr. Arthur Hamilton, accomp

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Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire."—COWPER.

Of late years not much has been published respecting the slave trade on the Coast of Africa and the horrors of the middle passage." The practice of kidnapping human beings appears to have been transferred from Africa to Polynesia. The following extract of a letter lately received from Sydney, New South Wales, will show that the subject to which I have now alluded is rife at the present time in the "island" world of the Pacific. The writer of this letter is the pastor of the Presbyterian church, Macquarie Street, Sydney. The Rev. Dr. Steel thus writes, under date August 30th, 1871.

"We are greatly vexed in our new Hebride Mission by the kidnapping going on in the vessels from Queensland and Fiji. A great effort must be made to expose the work. A captain was convicted in Sydney lately for kidnapping. The missionaries give very sad accounts of its evil effects. The able-bodied are removed in large numbers from many islands, while the remaining portions are reduced to straits. Those who return bring scarcely anything except a musket, a bag of ammunition, and fine clothes. The latter they immediately cast off, and they soon shoot away all their powder. They find their boats rotten, their property wasted, their wives with other men. Social disorganization is the result. We propose publishing a pamphlet on the subject."

Under date of September 28th, 1871, this same gentleman writes again:

"The kidnapping is exciting much interest, and several arrests on this charge have recently been made."

Other testimony is equally strong, portraying the sad and calamitous consequences of these man-stealing practices. I have now lying on my table a pamphlet, giving an account of a "Missionary Cruise in the South Pacific, being the Report of a Voyage among the Tokelau, Ellice, and Gilbert Islands, in the Missionary Barque 'John Williams,' during 1870. By the Rev. S. J. Whitmee, of the London Missionary Society." This pamphlet was published during the current year. Respecting his visit to Bowditch Island, one of the Tokelau Group, Mr. Whitmee remarks:

"A large portion of the adult male population was stolen away from the island several years ago by the Peruvian slavers, and since that time the people have been cautious in their intercourse with vessels. I stood upright in the boat, and called out for the teacher, at the same time saying our vessel was the 'John Williams.' This speedily brought the canoes to the side of our boat."

Respecting the Duke of York Island, Mr. Whitmee remarks:

"The population of the island is 136, it having been greatly diminished by Peruvian slavers."

Respecting Mitchell Island, one of the Ellice Group, he remarks:

"The population is very small, only 90 at the present time. This is the place where the Peruvian slavers made the greatest havoc in 1863.

"I am not aware that any Peruvian slavers are cruising in the Pacific. It was not found to be a profitable business to steal men and take them to Peru, in South America. Now the demand is for labor on Stuart's famous cotton plantation, on the Island of Fiji, for the cotton plantations on the Fiji Islands, and the Colony of Queensland, New Holland."

This subject has already attracted the attention of the British Government, and Captain Palmer, of the Royal Navy, in command of H. B. M. ship "Rosario," has been sent to cruise in the South Seas. An account of the cruise has been published, entitled "Kidnapping in the South Seas." While Captain Palmer was at the Fiji Islands one of the kidnapping vessels visited the port. He seized the vessel and took her to Sydney, where there was an investigation of the affair. An account of the vessel, called the "Daphne," I take from a late London paper, called *The Friend:*

"The 'Daphne' was a small schooner, first inspected and then licensed by the Queensland Government to procure fifty natives for three of the settlers in that colony. She was 'forty-eight tons register, fitted up precisely like an African slaver, minus the irons, with 100 natives on board,' who had been brought a twenty-one days' voyage from the New Hebrides. (It was afterward found there had been 120 persons on board.) They were stark naked, and had not even a bone in the nose; the shelves were just the same as might be knocked up for a lot of pigs—no bunks or partitions of any sort." No interpreter was on board, and the ship's papers were incorrect and contradictory. Captain Palmer therefore determined to seize the ship on a charge of promoting the slave trade. The price of 'niggers' had just gone up to £6 per head, and the owners were filled with emotion at a charge of slave trading being brought against them. One man, who had offered to take the whole lot, was moved to tears at the idea of the natives being sent back; and the feeling of the bench was one of general indignation. Nevertheless, a prize crew was put on board the 'Daphne,' and both vessels sailed to Sydney, to try the fortunes of law.

"We do not think the account of the legal proceedings which followed can be read without a strong sense of indignation. The colonial government showed great reluctance in prosecuting, and the influence of the persons interested in the plantations was evidently very powerful. While waiting in expectation of 'overwhelming evidence, that should convince the most skeptical,' Captain Palmer received a letter from the crown solicitor, reminding him that, even if an interpreter was found, 'there was no reason to suppose that any of the men themselves (the natives) would prove competent to take an oath.' As a friendly consul observed, 'they were not qualified to perjure themselves, like Christians.' The chief justice laid down that it would not be enough to show that artifice or falsehood had been used to induce the natives to enter into the contract; nor could the morality of the proceeding be taken into consideration. The 'Daphne' was, therefore, discharged; and Captain Palmer was left liable for the costs, amounting to £179. The one ray of light in the whole transaction is that the home government refunded these expenses, and gave Captain Palmer his promotion.

"The apparently fruitless voyage will not be in vain if it calls attention to the imperative necessity of adopting the laws to suit the present moral evasions of them. The pretense of a *contract* with natives whose statement is not admissible as evidence is transparent, and an immediate alteration of the law is necessary."

Since writing the foregoing paragraphs I have met with the following item going the rounds of the newspapers:

"The 'Polynesian slave trade' is occupying the attention of the Aborigines Protection Society."

The efforts of that association could not be directed to a more important subject.

In connection with this subject that of the Chinese Coolie trade ought also to be considered. Only this week a Portuguese ship, bound from Callao to Macao, touched at Honolulu. A few Chinese laborers were returning; but the vessel was bound to China for another cargo of Coolies. I will not now express my opinion of this "trade," but rather that of a German gentleman with whom I have just had an interview. This gentleman has resided eight years in Japan and China, and has held the office of German consul in Japan. With the whole subject of engaging Chinese laborers to go to Cuba and Peru he is perfectly familiar. He does not hesitate to denounce the "trade" as most iniquitous and cruel, and no better than piracy of the worse kind. He has written much upon this subject to his own government, and highly approves of the American policy of not allowing the United States flag being disgraced by waving over a Coolie ship.

Farm and Garden.

AGRICULTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

THE VALLEY OF THE PLATTE.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

I.

The transition from Colorado to Nebraska is one of startling yet agreeable contrast. The traveler homeward bound from the Rocky Mountains leaves the dry plains of Colorado, and for a day and a half in his ride over the Union Pacific Railroad, from Cheyenne to Omaha, is regaled with the increasing freshness of the landscape. The grass grows greener and more luxuriant as he passes over each succeeding fifty-mile stretch, and colonies and villages reappear, one after the other, like a panorama of Arcadian beauty. Much the most interesting portion of this valley is usually passed over by the express trains in the night; and the passenger ordinarily sees only a limited portion of its extent, nor learns much from personal observation. We were the recipients of more than customary favors, for a special train had been provided for us over the entire road, with a directors' car and drawing-room car attached, and for an entire day we enjoyed the rare ride by daylight, at the speed of forty miles per hour. The Platte Valley is one of immense extent. Perhaps I am justified in saying it has the largest area of any river lands west of the Missouri River. For a distance of over 500 miles it extends continuously westward; then the arms of the Platte, reaching northward and southward, traverse 300 or more miles still further into the mountains. Fully *eight millions of acres* are included in this territory—every acre valuable either for cultivation or pasturage.

North Platte, about 300 miles from Omaha, appears to be the western limit of profitable cultivation of grain and vegetable crops. Here we visited the farm of Barton & Keith, just on the outskirts of the place. All crops are grown without irrigation, and finer vegetables than the beets and cabbages could not be asked. The corn was not good, nor the onions, the elevation being too cold. Remember, this is in a country fully 3,000 feet high, and part of the great American Desert, as once known. Westward of this point for 300 miles more to Laramie is the great winter-grazing region for cattle; the magnitude of which business and the capacities for its profitable extension surpass all reasonable belief. I will refer to this more completely in another article. The people esteem this a great discovery, that cattle and sheep can be kept upon these elevated plains all through the cold, wintry season without shelter, and yet grow fat upon the dried yet nutritious bunch grass, which grows everywhere. Still they are constantly making new discoveries as to the adaptability of this vast and hitherto unappreciated country. Of late some interesting facts have been elicited with regard to the capacity for winter wheat. Once it was supposed that no wheat could be raised; but now winter wheat has been raised in the Weeping Water Valley at the rate of 26 bushels per acre of the White Michigan variety, a good average over large fields. And of the Early May as high as 36 bushels have been obtained. As we pass eastward from the North Platte, we cannot help noticing the grass again. It constantly improves, growing richer and greener and more refreshing in color. Imagine a vast valley, 20 miles in diameter, carpeted with this bed of velvet greenery. This is the Blue Joint grass, which comes in where the Buffalo and Gramma grass go out. These last are found upon the elevated bluffs or tablelands in great abundance; and, although they appear so small, dry, and valueless, yet it is a singular feature that they are invariably preferred by the cattle, and are actually much more nutritious. The Blue Joint grass is not a winter grass, being fit for cutting and for hay only, and it is considered safe only to go beyond the 100th meridian to secure the proper winter range.

CATTLE RAISING.

Mr. Loveland, an extensive stock-grower at Overton, who was present with us upon the train, states that he bought for Mr. Creighton last fall 3,100 head of Texas cattle, at $12 per head. 2,100 of these were cows. He then added to the herd 150 bulls—Short Horns; and now they have had an increase of 1,700 calves. In three years' time he expects the calves will be worth $40 per head. He considers it safe to say that the increase of value per head is $10 per year. Cattle purchased last fall for $20, after wintering last winter and this summer, are now considered worth $30. As there are many confusing estimates concerning the cost and profits of cattle-raising, Mr. Loveland gives the following as his plan of procedure:

The best plan is to buy stock cattle—*i. e.*, Texan cows and calves, 1 and 2 years of age. They can be bought at the following prices:

Calves, 1 year old, for	$7
" 2 " "	12
Cows, with Calves	15

He then puts a Durham bull among them, which produces a very fine cross, the breed being livelier than the Durham, and will feed and graze better.

Texas cattle fatten faster than the natives. Let the increase of progeny grow to 3 years of age, and sell them for $30 per head; then invest the money again in Texas calves or yearlings, at from $7 to $9 each, and then repeat the process of cro-sing again.

The expense of keeping each head per year is but $2, a figure ridiculously small; yet it must be remembered the only expense is for herding. Every herder does his own cooking and camping, living always with the cattle, day after day, and in all sorts of weather. A man with $5,000 can buy 450 head; this is a good herd to start with. Then he must allow five horses to two men, for each man will need a fresh horse to ride every third day. The horses need no grain, living well upon the grass. The total expenses yearly need not be over $300 to $1,000, and from time to time young cattle, as they are fattened, may be sold off to meet expenses. Usually after the second or third year he will have a herd of 800 cattle, and an increase of 200 to 300 yearly.

The Texas cattle, when fattened, produce a fine-grained meat, juicy, and considered as good as the best.

A very common practice among the large cattle traders is to let out their animals to corn-raisers, and pay 10 cents per pound for all extra weight they can put upon them during the winter. A steer weighing 1,000 pounds, worth 3 cents a pound, or $30, when taken by these smaller feeders, will often gain 230 pounds in about seven months, from November to May. At the same time the feeder will fatten three hogs; usually the hogs will pay back about one-third the cost of corn. The amount of corn generally fed to reach this degree of fattening is 75 bushels. The next spring, when the capitalist takes back his cattle, each head weighs 1,230 pounds, and has cost $60. They are then worth 5 cents per pound, and sold for $60. The capitalist has pocketed a profit of $10 per head over the $50, or 33 per cent. on the previous value of the animal at $30. The corn-raiser and feeder at the same time has increased the value of his corn one-third more than if he had sold for cash; has fattened three hogs, worth $20; and still has lost nothing from his farm, the manure keeping the land in good order.

To those having moderate capital of their own it is a safe plan to buy Texas yearlings, at $7 per head, fatten them in three years to 1,000 pounds, and then sell for $30 or more, according to quality.

There is a very fine opening here for the establishment of ranches to raise fine-grade bulls. There is a great demand for them by all the cattle-raisers. And stock of good grades will easily bring $75 to $150. The quality of all the beef raised on these plains is being vastly improved by this crossing of breeds, and even now good judges say that the beef obtained here is of a quality not surpassed in the entire United States.

Some very curious instances are found here of rapid rise in wealth and prosperity.

Thos. Alsop commenced five years ago as master of a cattle-train. Mr. Creighton found him reliable and trustworthy, gave him an interest in the raising of herds, and now he owns a half interest in about 8,000 head of cattle, or net $30,000.

Mr. Creighton, of Omaha, the cattle millionaire, owns 27,000 head. His plan is to operate through pasturers. When he finds a man careful, trustworthy, and competent, he entrusts him with the management of a herd of cattle. He furnishes the capital himself for their purchase. When they are sold, all expenses are deducted from the proceeds, 10 per cent. interest is allowed Mr. Creighton for the use of his capital, and the balance of profits is divided half and half. In this way quite a number of worthy men have accumulated fortunes for themselves, with no other capital to start on than that Mr. Creighton furnished.

SUCCESS IN PRAIRIE LIFE.

Another curious instance of success in prairie life is that of Pat Mooney. Fourteen years ago he walked from Iowa City to Columbus, Neb., with all his effects in a carpet-bag. He now owns 1,300 acres of land, has the best barn in Nebraska—two stories high, 64 feet by 100—and owns four dwelling houses. He first took up a pre-emption claim of 160 acres; then, after the Homestead Law was passed, he took up 100 acres more; thus having 320 in all. He has gradually added fields adjoining by purchase, until he has gathered 1,300 acres, all lying in one body. Most of it is worth $15 per acre. He has 300 head of cattle, 37 horses, and his sheds for protecting them are 100 feet long. During the 15 years he has farmed here he has never had a failure, raising frequently crops of 100 bushels of corn to the acre and wheat 20 bushels. He is considered worth $50,000.

Another man by the name of Powell came three years ago from California, and rented a farm the first year near Grand Island. Mr. Loveland lent him 26 cows. He now has 78 head this summer—20 two-year olds, 15 yearlings, and 23 calves. During this time he has supported his farm, paid for his cows, and with the butter and cheese made from them has managed to get his living, and now is out of debt. He gets 25 cents a pound for his butter and 15 cents a pound for cheese.

FOREST-TREE RAISING.

The interest in forest-tree culture here is becoming quite general. There is a very successful grove near Omaha, belonging to Joel T. Griffith, containing 40 acres of forest—black walnut, cottonwood, etc. The black walnut he planted in 1857 and 1858, and now they are bearing wagon-loads of nuts, while the cottonwoods are almost as big round as his arms can reach. He has also planted 30,000 small maples, and cuts all the stakes and fence-posts he wants.

Mr. Miller, of the Omaha *Herald*, has 120 acres planted in black walnut, 7 to 8 feet apart; 40 acres in cottonwood, 8 feet apart, and will fill in spaces with white ash and larch, to form a cordon and barrier against the winds. He will also plant some white oak. He estimates the cost of planting as follows:

Plowing, per acre	$4
Planting seeds, same as corn	5
Cost of land	5
Total about	$14 to $15

In ten years he believes his land will be worth $100 to $500 per acre.

At Grand Island a farmer by the name of William Stolley has a grove of trees of cottonwood, 10 years planted; and now they are 40 to 60 feet high, and 1 foot in diameter. Walnuts, 12 years from the seed, planted 6 by 6 feet, or 8 by 8 feet, are 4 to 6 inches in diameter, and have borne for 3 years. There are 10 acres in all. These facts are interesting, as showing not only the possibility of tree culture, but also how remarkable easy and rapid is the growth of everything planted.

STATISTICS.

In a short address made by Mr. Miller, in the drawing-room car, while the train was rapidly passing along, he referred to the general prejudice which many entertain that Nebraska is infertile, cold, or not equal to her sister states in agricultural value. For twelve years the press have said that the country north of Kansas was a desert. And yet thirty-six bushels of winter wheat have been raised on this very land—a better product even than the average of Kansas. Hitherto Nebraska has made but slow progress; but now she is rapidly filling up. Sixty thousand new emigrants have made it their home within a year, while for six years previous the gain was only twenty thousand a year; and in five years the state will have a million population. Among the resources of this country it is worthy of mention that along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad there are 5,000 square miles of coal. There is an iron mountain near Cheyenne, forty miles away, which is larger than the famous iron mountain near St. Louis, and silver illimitable can be found in the mountains. There is territory enough in Nebraska to make a dozen states, and the story of the fertility of the Platte can be repeated over again in valley after valley—such as the Loup, Elkhorn, and Yellowstone. Nine railroads are converging at Omaha. Few know the vastness of this region.

Mr. O. F. Davis, Land Commissioner of the Union Pacific Railroad, in an address, stated that the lands of the Union Pacific Railroad cover territory forty miles wide, one thousand miles long, and contain 12,000,000 acres of land, having an area of 40,000 square miles, or a state as large as Ohio. In Nebraska itself, as far as Pine Bluffs, the Railroad has 5,000,000 acres of land, and the Government has 4,770,000, which are open to settlement. The Union Pacific Railroad have about one and a quarter million of acres in the market, worth from $3 to $10 per acre; and, as an evidence of rapid progress, there have been 418,000 acres sold in two years, for $1,820,000.

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Wm. A. Bell,	Lorin Palmer,
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The recent fire in Chicago has proved the wisdom of keeping the two branches distinct; for to the failure of so many fire companies would have been added the loss to holders of life policies, involving the savings of years.

The extent of the risk incurred by a fire company can only be estimated upon the doctrine of probabilities; whilst that of life can be predicted with accuracy, and the necessary provision made to meet it. The impolicy, therefore, of combining the two branches must be apparent, tending, as it would, to introduce an element of danger into a system which is now so perfect and free from disturbing causes.

Many English offices that had added fire to their life business have come to an unfortunate termination. The sagacity, therefore, which dictated a complete separation of the two features of insurance is calculated to confirm the confidence of the public in the system of legal supervision which governs our life insurance institutions.

Financial & Commercial.

PROTECTIVE DUTIES AND PRICES.

The theory of all protective duties is to defend home industry against being undersold in its own market by the products of foreign labor. The necessity for this protection is founded on the fact that without it the home producer cannot in his own market compete with the foreign producer, owing to a difference in the cost of production arising from a difference in the price of the raw material, or the rate of wages, or both put together. Where such a difference exists there the cost of production must be virtually equalized, or the foreign product, by reason of its greater cheapness, will drive the home product out of its own market, destroy the domestic industries which create the latter, and take the monopoly of the market to itself. The object of a tariff based on the simple idea of protection is virtually to increase the cost of the foreign product, and in this way enable the home producer, who pays higher wages, to compete with the foreign producer. Its direct effect is to bring up the price of the foreign article in the home market to the point at which it can be profitably produced and sold in this country. Its indirect effect is to foster all the domestic industries engaged in such production.

Now the common allegation of the free trader against such protection consists in saying that, by lifting the price of the foreign article to the mark at which the domestic product of the same kind can be furnished, it so far enhances the money cost to the consumer. He has to pay more for the article than he would if there were no tariff. Some who profess to believe in a tariff for revenue, but not for protection, urge the same objection; not perceiving that the objection is just as applicable to a revenue tariff as it is to one that is protective. All tariff duties, whether levied for revenue or protection, just so far put the foreign product under a disadvantage, as compared with the domestic.

Let it, then, be granted that the effect of a protective tariff in the outset is to raise the money price of the foreign product to the point at which home industry can successfully compete with it in its own market, and where is the harm to the country imposing the tariff? It should be remembered that this question of prices, as represented by *money*, is purely one of relations. High prices for commodities, with their equivalent in high wages and ample employment for labor, are certainly better for the people than low prices for commodities, with low wages, and a vast amount of needy labor, starving for the want of employment. If they pay more money in the one case than in the other for what they consume, they have more to pay with, and far greater facilities for earning money. If tariff duties foster domestic labor, and create a demand for it, and keep wages up to a living rate, as is the fact, then the increased cost of commodities is met by an abundant equivalent. Even if labor permanently pays more for what it consumes, it just as permanently earns more.

Consumers and producers in this country are not different and antagonizing classes; but to a large extent identically the same persons, holding this two-fold relation to each other. They produce and consume at the same time. If, therefore, a protective tariff increases the cost of what they consume, it also fosters, enlarges, and diversifies the industry by which they produce, while at the same time it diminishes the competition for the sale of labor in the home market by the greater demand for labor, and in this way guards against a reduction of wages. It makes one set of men the producers of what another set consume, and defends all against injurious invasions by the poorly-paid labor of other countries. If in the outset it takes more from the consumer than would otherwise be taken, it *gives* more to the producer; and, since producers and consumers are, in nine cases out of ten, the same persons—one consuming what another produces—a protective tariff places them in helpful relations to each other.

It should be added that this early enhancement of money prices by no means represents the final and permanent result of a protective tariff. It destroys, in the first instance, the monopoly of the home market by the foreign producer, and always keeps the market price of the foreign product down to the point at which domestic industry can afford to supply the same article. This point is the maximum above which the foreign commodity cannot rise without at once being undersold by the domestic commodity, and in this way driven out of the market. A protective tariff always has the merit of holding the foreign producer under restraint as to prices by the capabilities of home production. Having put him under this permanent check, from which he cannot escape by the very laws of trade, it then brings into existence a large amount and variety of home production to supply the wants of the home market. As this production increases in quantity, and cheapens in its cost processes, it can be afforded at a less rate of prices; and, hence, by a natural law of competition among home producers, it ultimately comes down to its appropriate price level with other things in the home market. The history of all well-adjusted protective tariffs is this: first, a temporary enhancement of prices during the period in which domestic production is struggling with foreign; secondly, a gradual and ultimate reduction of prices to the point at which domestic production, with all the skill and improvement of processes which it naturally begets, can afford to supply the home market. Just as soon as the rivalry between foreign and domestic production is ended, by the victory of the latter, the laws of trade forthwith begin to reduce prices to the proper point; and surely any reduction below this mark is not for the interest of the community. Wages will grade themselves to other things, and the prices of home products will grade themselves to wages. Thus the profits of capital invested in production and the wages of labor engaged in production will reciprocally seek and come to their natural level under the general law of competition. Any reduction of prices below this level, so far from being a benefit, is a serious evil to the community.

In a word, a protective tariff leaves the question of prices to regulate itself in the home market, without interference by the disturbing rivalry of other countries in which wages are cheaper, capital more abundant, and productive skill in a more advanced stage. It takes out of the home market the incubus of this foreign power, and prepares it to act freely under its own domestic impulses. Those who regard this as an evil, which they would correct by free trade, are sadly mistaken in their estimate of facts. Their theory simply makes a community largely composed of paupers and beggars, while the opposite gives one of self-supporting producers and consumers, mutually contributing to each other's prosperity. About the worst thing for itself that this nation could do would be to abandon the theory of protection, and adopt that of free trade. Foreign countries would at once flood this country with various commodities at cheaper rates than they can be produced here, unless we adopt their system of wages, and can at once extemporize their skill in production. We must either transfer the European standard of wages to these shores or protect certain departments of our own industry by tariff duties.

STATE DEBTS.

The Chicago *Mercantile Journal* presents the following aggregate debt of each state at the date of its last official publication:

State.	Date.	Debt.
Alabama	Oct. 1st, 1870	$16,958,010
Arkansas	April 27th, 1871	6,150,000
California	May 1st, 1871	3,506,000
Connecticut	April 1st, 1871	6,775,990
Delaware	May 1st, 1871	1,402,000
Florida	Jan. 1st, 1871	1,288,697
Georgia	Jan. 1st, 1871	7,514,500
Illinois	March 1st, 1871	1,893,496
Indiana	Oct. 31st, 1870	4,167,507
Iowa	Jan. 1st, 1871	300,000
Kansas	Dec. 31st, 1870	1,341,675
Kentucky	Oct. 10th, 1870	3,072,077
Louisiana	Jan. 1st, 1870	22,560,233
Maine	Jan. 1st, 1871	8,067,900
Maryland	Sept. 30th, 1870	13,317,475
Massachusetts	Jan. 1st, 1871	16,682,068
Michigan	March 27th, 1871	2,376,232
Minnesota	May 1st, 1871	350,000
Missouri	Jan. 1st, 1871	17,880,000
Nevada	May 1st, 1871	660,000
New Hampshire	Jan. 1st, 1870	2,752,300
New Jersey	Nov. 1st, 1870	2,836,000
New York	Oct. 1st, 1870	32,409,144
North Carolina	Oct. 1st, 1870	29,960,045
Ohio	Nov. 5th, 1870	13,675,345
Oregon	Sept. 5th, 1870	103,633
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1st, 1870	31,107,186
Rhode Island	April 1st, 1870	2,774,000
South Carolina	Oct. 31st, 1870	7,665,908
Tennessee	Jan. 1st, 1871	38,945,852
Texas	Jan. 1st, 1871	990,000
Vermont	Jan. 1st, 1871	1,227,000
Virginia	Dec. 31st, 1870	47,330,839
Total		$344,090,787

The states of Nebraska, Western Virginia, Wisconsin, and Mississippi do not appear in this statement. The first three have no debts against them; yet Mississippi is free of debt only by having repudiated her bonds to the amount of $7,000,000 issued in 1838 for the establishment of banks. The debt of Minnesota would be much larger than the amount above stated if the state had not virtually repudiated its bonds issued in aid of railway construction. The state owing the largest amount is Virginia, and the one owing the smallest amount is Oregon. The Western States, in proportion to their area, population, and resources, are generally least in debt. A very considerable part of the debts of the New England States is in the shape of war loans, which are in the process of being extinguished. The same is true of the debt of New York State. The debts of the Southern States, especially Tennessee and North Carolina, have been largely increased by an injudicious issue of bonds in aid of railroad construction since the close of the war.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NOTES

The gold value of import entries of foreign merchandise at the port of New York, not including specie, for the calendar year 1871, up to November 18th, is $343,675,581, against $278,851,431 for the corresponding period in 1870; showing an increase in 1871 of $64,824,150. The currency value of exports for the same period, including foreign goods re-exported, is $210,457,781, against $164,743,534 for the corresponding period of last year; showing an increase this year of $45,714,247.

—The bank statement in New York, November 16th, 1871, presents the following figures, as compared with those of the previous week:

	Nov. 11.	Nov. 18.	Changes.
Loans	$284,872,700	$286,204,500	Inc. $1,331,800
Specie	15,901,500	16,795,300	Inc. 2,287,800
Circulation	30,184,400	30,138,600	Dec. 45,800
Deposits	214,328,400	219,186,900	Inc. 4,911,500
Legal Tenders	54,469,300	55,181,500	Inc. 719,200

—The gold customs receipts at the port of New York for the calendar year up to November 18th amount to $141,902,942, against $128,812,540 for the corresponding period of the previous year; showing an increase of $13,090,402 for the current year.

—The exports from New York of gold and silver coin and bullion during the current year, up to November 18th, amount to $61,137,556, against $55,931,616; showing an increase this year as compared with the last of $5,205,940.

—The gold interest paid at New York on the national debt for the present calendar year, up to November 18th, is $78,833,285, against $80,839,324 for the same period in the previous year.

MONEY MARKET.

The growing ease in the money market, at this season of the year, when our bankers usually calculate on high rates of interest, and merchants and speculators are generally very cautious in entering upon any new enterprises which require large loans of capital, is well calculated to create surprise in Wall Street. Money on Saturday was in great abundance at 4 to 5 per cent. on call with ordinary securities; and the Bank Statement, which exhibited a further increase of reserve, gave a feeling of confidence in the future, unusual toward the close of the year. The stock market on Monday was strong, but not excited; and prices were better, except in Southern state bonds and in the stock of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. It must be evident to every one but a very dull "bear" that our financial affairs are so shaping themselves that a great speculative movement can only be prevented by some commercial revulsion, the origin of which cannot now be foreseen. We find the facts upon which our opinions have been formed so well tabulated and summarized in the money article of one of the ablest of the financial reviewers of the New York daily press that we give his views on the subject, because they confirm our own:

"To assist in forming an intelligent opinion on this matter, it is well to consider the disbursements of money for interest dividends and the cancellation of bonds during the next four months, or say until April 1, 1872. The following statement is an approximation in the rough to some of the items of disbursement in the United States during the next four months:

January Government interest, about	$25,000,000
January miscellaneous interest dividends, etc., about	50,000,000
Government purchases of bonds till April 1, about	20,000,000
Government February interest, about	7,500,000
Called 10-20 coupon bonds held in Europe, about	80,000,000
Some United States disbursements	$182,500,000

"The preceding statement shows that the money disbursements of the United States Government and American corporations will be in round numbers nearly $500,000,000 between now and April, of which over $100,000,000 will be for Government bonds cancelled and taken out of the market permanently. In Germany the different governments will disburse *seven hundred million thalers in gold*, and will cancel that amount of securities. The American and German governments will call in and cancel by payments in gold or its equivalent nearly $700,000,000 gold value. This vast sum, without a parallel in the past, will be thrown upon the markets of Europe and New York in search of employment or new investments. The cable telegram connects the New York money market so closely with those of Europe that the enormous glut of money consequent on the disbursements of the German governments from January to April must exert a powerful influence on financial affairs in this city. The German bankers have already orders on hand to reinvest new European capital to the extent of over $10,000,000 in Government and first-class railway bonds. This amount of $10,000,000 will require to be invested here at all events within the next month, even if prices advance, which they are likely to do. The amount of first-class securities making anywhere is very limited at the present time, and only in France and the United States. The future, therefore, embracing the period of time from now until April, promises an unprecedented glut of money, and an equally unprecedented scarcity of first-class securities, such as will command the confidence and cash of European investors."

We do not think that these statements are at all exaggerated, and the effect upon the markets of the world may be easily estimated by any person of ordinary intelligence at all familiar with financial matters.

When first-class investment securities rise in value, non-dividend paying, worthless, and purely speculative stocks usually rise in greater proportion and a season of wild speculation sets in. From knowing what has happened before, the chances of what may happen again may be easily calculated.

We are sorry to say that the immediate prospects of South Carolina new bonds do not improve. The January and Julys sold on Monday at 26½. There is nothing new in relation to them, except that Governor Scott has ordered the collection of taxes this month, for the purpose of paying the January interest, and that he still promises that it shall be paid. Taking the very worst statements that have been made as true, South Carolina would still be in a much better financial condition than any other of the Southern States. Her debt would still be only a third that of North Carolina; while the bonds of North Carolina, on which no interest is paid, are selling 10 per cent. higher than South Carolinas. All reports about repudiation are sheer fabrications. There will be no elections in South Carolina until next year, and Governor Scott remains in office one year longer.

The important events of Wall Street during the week have been the election of a new set of directors in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and in Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad Company; but these changes have been without any important results thus far.

Gold is still tending downward, and seems likely to fall lower still. The price on Monday was 110¾ to 110⅞, the lower rate being the prevailing price.

DRY GOODS.

A DRY GOODS CLUB.

The dry goods business in its various branches and ramifications forms the greatest source of the prosperity of New York. No other business will compare with it. Full one-half of the commercial transactions of the Empire City grow out of the trade in dry goods. The finest commercial buildings in New York are those erected for or by the dry goods dealers. And yet, strangely enough, there has never been any distinctively organized institution in New York for the special social and business convenience of dry goods dealers. The immense pile of almost useless granite now occupied by the Custom House in Wall Street was built by the shipping merchants of New York, thirty years ago, for their own uses; but abandoned on account of its costliness and inconvenience. The stock brokers have a sumptuous building of their own in Broad Street; and the provision dealers built for their accommodation the Exchange, in Whitehall Street, which, viewed in its architectural completeness, must be considered the most beautiful building in the city. The great dry goods firms—as Stewart, Claflin, Arnold, Constable & Co., and Lord & Taylor—do their business in superb tenements of their own; but, as a class, they have no common place of rendezvous, where they can meet one another socially, and discuss the business affairs in which they are all interested. But they are to have a club-house of their own—or, more properly speaking, they have one already. A merchants' club, composed wholly of dry goods men, was organized last September, for the purpose of promoting social intercourse among its members, and to provide "a pleasant place of common resort for entertainment and improvement." A wealthy guild, like that of the dry goods men, ought to have its habitation the most magnificent club-house in the metropolis, and in course of time to doubtless will; but for the present the Dry Goods Merchants' Club have taken the two stores 106 and 108 Leonard street, east of Broadway, near the New York Life Insurance Company's new marble building. The old buildings are now in process of conversion into a sumptuous club-house, with dining-rooms, billiard-rooms, and all the conveniences required in a first class club-house. The members, we learn, are at present limited to two hundred, and the actual subscribers are but two-thirds of that number. But a club like this, to fulfill its purpose, ought to have at least two thousand members. The club-room will be ready for the use of members about the beginning of 1872. The following are the names of the officers and managers:

HENRY F. SPAULDING, President.
WM. TURNBULL, Vice-President.
CORNELIUS M. BLISS, Secretary.

DIRECTORS:

D. M. Townsend,	Samuel Keyser,
M. Furman Hunt,	W. T. Garner,
Josiah Swinden,	James B. Dunbar,
Gilbert L. Buckman,	Stewart L. Woodford,
Henry A. Page,	Wm. L. Pomeroy,
William Post,	W. H. Stewart,
	Samuel B. Dana.

The business of the past week was rather better than that of the week previous, but the purchases for Chicago have been limited and anticipated. As the business facilities of the burnt-out city are restored, the trade from that quarter will increase in extent; for it will be a long while before the quantity of dry goods destroyed can be fully made good, so the demand for all descriptions of staple goods from Chicago will be likely to continue and, in fact, augment during the winter season. The jobbers are now busy with the near-by trade, which is quite equal to that of any previous season. Prices are generally well sustained in every description of domestic cottons, but in woolens there is less firmness, though the market is without any important change.

The only noticeable change in unbleached sheetings and shirtings has been in the reduction of ¼ a cent a yard in Amoskeag sheetings. The stock of all descriptions of brown sheetings in first hands is small, and prices are steady on the whole list.

In bleached sheetings and shirtings the transactions of the week have been limited, and the stock in first hands begins to accumulate beyond the demands of the season. Prices continue steady, however, and the manufacturers' agents are not apprehensive of a decline of prices.

Printing cloths are in more liberal supply; but prices continue firm at 7½ to 7⅝ cts. for standards, 64 square, in the gray.

Prints are selling as freely as usual at this season, and some of the leading makes are growing scarce. The prices are unchanged since last week's quotations.

Ginghams are not active; but the sales are sufficient to keep prices steady and to prevent an unusual accumulation of stock in first hands.

Cotton flannels are less active than had been expected, and a reduction of one cent a yard has been made in some instances, but without inducing increased purchases. Cambrics are in rather better demand. The sales are as large as usual at this season and prices are steady.

Rolled jaconets are without material change. There is a fair demand for these goods and prices are steady.

Silesias are unchanged in prices. The demand is mostly from the clothiers, and to a fair degree of activity.

In other descriptions of cotton goods there is but a moderate business doing, and prices are unchanged.

Muslin de laines are reported moderately active. The sales are in small quantities and prices are without change.

Cloths, docskins, and overcoatings are in small demand, and the business in these goods is confined to limited sales for completing the assortments of jobbers. Prices are without indications of any change.

Fancy cassimeres of desirable styles for city trade are in moderate demand; but the aggregate business in cassimeres and satinets is small. Prices are firm generally, and for light weights a shade better than last year.

Flannels of the best makes are in fair demand, and prices are firm.

Foreign goods of every description, except a few special articles in dress goods and fancy silks required for city trade, are quiet; and the importers are closing up their business of the season, and preparing for the spring demand.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

FISK & HATCH, Bankers,
No. 5 Nassau St., New York,
November 20, 1871.

In compliance with instructions from the Company, the price of the Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds from this date until further orders will be 94 and accrued interest.

The scarcity of and demand for really desirable *six per cent. gold* bonds for solid and permanent investments is evinced by the fact that Five-Twenty Bonds of 1867 are selling at 115, Central Pacific Bonds are selling at 103, Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds are selling at 94. These bonds all pay both principal and interest in New York City, in U. S. gold coin, and are equally safe for investment.

The reason why Five-Twenty Bonds are so high is because no more can be issued, and the outstanding amount is being rapidly decreased by purchases by the Government from their surplus revenues.

The reasons why we think Central Pacific Bonds will in time advance to the price of Five-Twenties are because no more can be issued; while the operation of their Sinking Fund will soon commence to decrease the amount.

The reasons why Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds are selling so low, comparatively, while equally safe, are because the Company are selling Bonds to complete the road. They will all be sold in a short time, and in a few months the road will be finished, when we have no doubt the same result will follow as with Five-Twenty and Central Pacific Bonds. The sinking fund of the Chesapeake and Ohio must go into effect within one year after the completion of the road.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds are issued either coupon or registered. The denominations are as follows:

$100, which cost to-day.....$94 31.
$500, " " .....471 56.
$1,000, " " .....943 12.

We buy and sell Government and Central Pacific Bonds, and receive them in exchange for Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, and others received, on which we allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

FISK & HATCH.

A FAVORITE NEW ENGLAND SECURITY.

To all seeking absolute safety for their investments, rather than high rates of interest (which very rarely accompany each other), we confidently recommend the Joint sinking fund bonds of the three corporations composing the Vermont Division of the Portland and Ogdensburg Trunk Railroad Line, *the most important link in a line shorter by more than Fifty Miles than any other between the Great Lakes and the Seaboard, and having a Local Business more than sufficient to pay operating expenses and all interest obligations, in addition to the Immense Through Traffic which must be attracted to the Shortest Line and Easiest Grades. As a route for Tourist and Pleasure Travel this road has no equal on the American Continent.*

The road is nearly completed for one-half the entire distance, at a cost considerably below the original estimates; and will be opened for business, with first-class equipment, during the present autumn.

The Bonds are in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100, and cannot be issued for more than $20,000 per mile of road. The interest (Six Per Cent Gold) is payable semi-annually, free of Government Tax, principal also redeemable in gold in 1891, and are offered until further notice at 90 and accrued interest in currency.

No bonds in the market offer equal security and profit to those having Five-Twenties and other high-priced securities to convert. Many of the most conservative investors in the country have subscribed largely to this popular loan, and the balance remaining unsold, it is believed, will be rapidly absorbed. Liberal subscriptions have been made to the Capital Stock at par; and the management, which is in the hands of some of the best-known New England business men, has been such as to inspire confidence in the honest purpose of the projectors of this great enterprise, as well as in the safety and value of the security offered.

For further information, pamphlets, maps, etc., apply to Financial Agents,

E. & T. Fairbanks & Co., St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Fairbanks & Co., 252 Broadway, New York; Fairbanks, Brown & Co., 118 Milk street, Boston; Fairbanks & Ewing, 715 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,
25 Nassau St., New York.

Municipal Bonds—Ten to Twelve Per Cent. Interest.—We offer for sale the bonds of *Counties, Townships, Cities, and School Districts* at prices that will yield interest at the rate of ten to twelve per cent. per annum. *Send for a descriptive price list.* Other securities taken in exchange at their highest market values. Persons having bonds for sale are requested to communicate with us. W. N. COLER & CO., Dealers and Brokers in Municipal Bonds, No. 11 Wall Street, New York.

EIGHT PER CENT. (8 p. c.) GOLD.

FIRST MORTGAGE SINKING FUND LAND-GRANT BONDS

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY,

In Denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100, can be obtained from the undersigned, or through the principal banks and bankers throughout the United States.

These bonds are being rapidly absorbed by investors and capitalists, and but a small amount remains untaken. The security behind them is ample in every particular, as they constitute a first and only mortgage on a trunk line of railroad which will soon connect the City of St. Joseph, Mo., (an important railway center), with the Union Pacific Railroad at Fort Kearney, materially shortening the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. In addition to this, the Bonds have a further security in the fact that there is included in the Mortgage the Company's magnificent Lands, amounting to 1,500,000 acres, known to be among the best in the United States. The Mortgage indenture prohibits the sale of these Lands at less than Four (4) Dollars per acre, and payable to the trustees under the Mortgage, for the clear and express purpose of retiring these bonds. The amount thus realized exceeds the entire amount of bonds which can be issued, and leaves the road property and franchises free.

The bonds have thirty years to run, with interest at Eight per Cent, free of tax, payable February and August in each year.

Both principal and interest are payable in gold.

The principal in New York. The interest in either New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, at the option of the holder, without notice, and in the gold currence of the country in which they are presented. They are coupons or registered.

Trustees: Farmers' Loan and Trust Company.

Maps, circulars, documents, and full information furnished on application.

Though acting as agents for the sale of this loan, our firm buy and sell in their regular business the bonds of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Company, those of the Eastern Division being now quoted from 101 to 102 and accrued interest. These were originally placed by us at 97.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall Street.

CONVERSION
OF
5-20 BONDS.
AN IMMEDIATE PROFIT OF
FOURTEEN PER CENT.
AND AN ANNUAL INCREASE OF INCOME OF
THIRTY-EIGHT PER CENT.
WILL BE SECURED TO HOLDERS OF 5 20s BY CONVERTING THEM AT ONCE INTO
7-30 Land Grant Gold Bonds
OF THE
NORTHERN PACIFIC
RAILROAD.

The absorption of these Bonds by investors has been very rapid during the last three months, and at the rate of increase of sales the company will soon be enabled to reduce the interest on the remainder of its loan, or advance the price of 7-30 bonds above par. The bonds are being largely taken as an investment by many of the Savings Banks of New England, and conservative moneyed institutions of other states, while the exchanges of 5-20s and other securities are increasing in volume in all parts of the country.

JAY COOKE & Co.,
New York, Philadelphia, & Washington.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.)

BREADSTUFFS.—There has been a fair degree of activity in the Wheat market during the past week. The inquiry has been very general, but mainly for export, and largely confined to Choice and Fancy, which is in moderate supply. The inquiry for the Continent has been chiefly for Amber Winter; but the advanced prices insisted upon and increased firmness of freights have prevented the filling of many orders. The arrivals have been moderate, and we have added slowly to the stock, but look for a liberal addition to it during the coming fortnight. The receipts at lake ports and the stock on hand at the principal points of shipment are much below those of the corresponding time last year. The quantity now on the canal is about 1,120,417 bushels; and, as the season is advanced, the shipments from Buffalo must soon be suspended. Millers have purchased more freely, and we have had a moderate speculative inquiry. At the Produce Exchange yesterday there was a moderate business done; and, with much firmness of freights and inclement weather, prices of Spring declined, but Winter ruled steady. White closed steady but dull. The sales of the week were 701,700 bushels, and the exports 372,325 bushels The Flour market has been fairly active but variable. The lower prices current after our last induced a more general demand, shippers buying the low and medium Extras more freely, the more favorable Liverpool advices stimulating the inquiry both for export and the domestic trade. We have had a more active inquiry for Wisconsin and Minnesota Extras, and early in the week some advance was established; but since then the demand has abated and the close is tame. Superfine and No. 2 have been in active request and firmer under a moderate stock of good. At yesterday's market there was little inquiry for any descriptions, and with liberal offerings prices favor buyers at the close. Sales of 68,300 bbls., and exports 29,122 bbls. Oats have been in more active demand and have improved, prices at times varying considerably, with an active speculative inquiry. The close is dull and tame. Indian Corn has been in good request at irregular prices; the demand quite general, but largely speculative. The supply afloat is light and stock in store much reduced. At the close the market is buoyant at our quotations. Barley has been in active demand, especially Canadian, which is in limited supply and wanted. Rye is dull and steady.

COFFEE.—The market continues in about the same position—almost at a standstill. Holders are firm and offering sparingly, while buyers do not manifest any disposition to purchase. Some reduction has been allowed to close out odd lots, but all prices are too nominal to admit of any quotation. West India Coffee continues quiet and somewhat irregular. Java stocks have been replenished by recent arrivals, but remain inactive.

COTTON.—There has been rather an active demand for spot Cotton, principally for export, though a fair business has been done for spinning. Prices generally have ruled more steady, until near the close, when a slight advance was established; but the tone does not show much strength at the appreciation. For forward deliveries a moderate trade has been transacted at steady prices. We quote Low Middling Uplands 18½ cts. and Middlings 18¾ cts.

HAY.—There is only limited inquiry, and prices are steady; we quote at $1 10 for Shipping, $1 20@$1 60 for retail lots, 75 cts. for Salt Hay, and 70@80 cts. for Clover. Straw is quiet but steady at $1 05@$1 10 for Long Rye, 85@90 cts. for Short do., and 75@80 cts. for Oat.

LEATHER.—Hemlock Sole quiet but steady. Receipts from the tanneries are large, and the stock is full and well assorted. Union Crop is in fair demand and steady. Rough Leather is in good demand, and desirable lots are scarce. We quote: Hemlock, Buenos Ayres, Heavy, 28@29 cts.; do., do., Middle, 28@29 cts.; do., do., Light, 26@27 cts.; California, Heavy, 27½@28 cts.; do., do Middle, 27½@28 cts.; do., do., Light, 25@26 cts.; do., Orinoco, etc., Heavy, 25@27 cts.; do., do., Middle, 26@27½ cts.; do., do., Light, 24@25 cts.; do., Good Damaged, all kinds and weights, 22@25 cts.; do., Poor, do., do., 16@18 cts.; do., Rough, 29@32 cts.; Buenos Ayres, Crop'ed, Heavy, 33@37 cts.; do., do., Middle, 34@38 cts.; do., do., Light, 33@37 cts.; do., Belize, 17@19 cts.; Oak Rough, all weights, 32@37 cts.; do. do., Southern, do., 27@30 cts., currency, per lb.

MOLASSES.—Foreign trade continues rather quiet. There is no demand for Boiling Grades, and but a limited inquiry from the trade, who are purchasing only to supply immediate necessities. Domestic has ruled moderately active, and under a light stock prices show considerable strength. We quote Boiling Grades at 33@37 and Grocery 40@45 cts.

NAVAL STORES.—There has been a good demand for Spirits Turpentine at steady prices—the demand chiefly for home use and the market closing firm. Sales 333 barrels on dock at 67½ cts., 23 Whisky barrels at 67 cts., and 100 barrels in yard at 68 cts. Rosin is steady, with a moderate business doing; sale only of 1,000 barrels. Strained at $4.75; other grades nominal. Tar is quiet but firm at $3.75.

OILS.—American Linseed quiet at 75@76 cts. for casks, and 76@77 cts. for bbls. Crude Sperm is in limited demand and firm. Whale continues unsettled. Menhaden is quict but prices are firm. We quote at 47½@52½ cts. Cotton Seed Oil is in fair request and firm. Other Oils are dull but steady.

PROVISIONS.—The Hog product has again shown a somewhat irregular tone; but on the whole the general tendency was in buyers' favor and most variations in price were on the downward scale. A fair amount has been bought and shipped, and in some cases stocks are reduced; but the offering at all times exceeded the outlet, and, notwithstanding comparatively easy times, it was difficult to induce either exporters or the home trade to operate with any freedom. The large old crop carried over and the immense one coming to hand evidently generate a very cautious feeling, and for the season the market is unusually dull. Considerable Bacon has been sold for forward delivery; but Pork and Lard moved slowly, with few calls except to fill back orders on a limit. Beef has shown a trifle more animation; but the sales were mainly 'of a retail character, and scarcely enough stock changed hands to effect the general position. Holders feel confident, and as a rule refuse to concede from former figures.

RICE.—The market continues firm on a scarcity of stock. Sales 40 tierces Carolina at 8½@9c. 220 bags East India at 7a7⅝c. for Rangoon, and 7⅞@7¾c. for Patna.

SUGARS.—Raws have again become quiet, the firmness of holders restricting business to some extent. Refiners are only purchasing sparingly, and mostly of the common grades. The light stock now here and rather unfavorable accounts from abroad and of the Louisiana crop combine to support prices, which are firmly held at the late advance. We quote Fair to Good Refining 9@9¼ cts. Refined is in only limited demand, and prices rather in favor of buyers. We quote Hards at 12⅝@12¾ cts., Soft White A 11⅝@11¾ cts., do. B 11¼@11⅝ cts., do. Extra C 11⅛ @11⅜ cts., and Soft Yellow 10½@11 cts.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOV. 21st, 1871.

[Reported Expressly for The Independent.]

BEEVES.—The market was very dull during the past week, and prices gradually settled down, closing fully one-half cent below the rates of this day week.

MILCH COWS.—There has been a fair demand, the receipts are small, and prices have improved.

VEAL CALVES are in moderate request and steady.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—The market for Sheep has ruled dull and prices are rather easier. Lambs are one-half cent lower.

SWINE.—The market lower and unsettled.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Fancy	12¾@12¾	12¾@13
Extra	11¾@12	12¼@12¾
First quality	@11¾	11¾@12
Second quality	10 @10¾	10½@11
Third quality	9 @9¾	9 @10
Inferior	7 @8½	7 @7¾
Average of all sales about	@10¾	— @10¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.
COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$75@80	$70@75
Good	55@70	55@65
Fair	40@50	40@50
Inferior and Common	20@30	25@35

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	8¾@10	10½@11
Good	8 @8¾	9 @9¾
Common	6 @8	8 @8½
Inferior	6 @7½	7 @7½

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This Week.	Last Week.
Choice, per lb.	6¼@6½	6¼@6½
Extra	5½@6	5¾@6
Good	5 @5½	5¼@5½
Fair	4½@4¾	4¾@5
Common	4 @4½	4¼@4¾
Extra Lambs	7 @7¾	8 @8½
Good	6½@7	7 @7½
Common to Fair	5½@6	6 @6½

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	6¼@6½	8¾@9

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 20th, 1871.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York markets. It is confidently believed that this weekly information—specially prepared for The Independent—is far more perfect than to any other newspaper in the city is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack. W	12¾	Wamsutta	8¾
Merrimack. D	12¾	Garner & Co	11
Cocheco. I	12	Arnold	9¼
Sprague	11¾	Hamilton	11¾
Pacific	11¾	Richmond	11¾
American	11¾	Rhodecster	11¾
Dunnell	11¾	Manchester	11
Allens	11¾	Lancaster	
Manchester	11¾	Oriental	11¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	15	Roanoke	13
Hartford	13	Glasgow Dress	13

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag. A	14	Pepperell. R	13
Lawrence. D	13¾	" S	12½
" L	13	" O	11½
" H	10¾	" F	27½
" V	9	" E	24½
Pacific. Extra	12¾	" C	20½
" H	10¾	" B	16½
Atlantic. A	13	Boot. S	13½
" H	11	" H	10½
" V	9	" V	9
Agawam. F	11	Appleton. A	16
" E	10¾	Lewiston. A	12½
Stark. A	14	Lacoma. O	14
Massachusetts	13	" S	11
" H	12	Lyman. C	14
Indian Head	13	" A	11
" R	11	Tyrus	14
Exeter. A	11¾	Tremont. H	13
" B	10	Indian Orchard. A	12¾
Medford	13½	" B	12½
Aurusta	12¾	" H	11¾
" S	11	Ballou	11½
Pittsfield. A	11	Great Falls. H	16
Lonsdale. C	11	" J	11½
Bedford. R	9¾	" E	10
Forsaet	8½	" S	11½
"	7½	Dwight. A	14
Newmarket. A	11½	"	10

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	21	Reynolds. AA	12¾
Wamsutta	20	Mystic Lake	11
"	18	Buffalo & Son	13¾
Tuscarora	14	"	12
Bates	17	Lonsdale	12½
White Rock	17	" Cambric	22½
Forestdale	16	Hill	12½
Masonville	14	"	11
Red Bank	12	Bartlett	14
Rodney	14	" Cambric	18